SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

BEDFORD

and Sister.

Martha Lee

Washington Lee

Washington Lee Jr.

Louis C Jaun

Andrew Lee

Priscilla L. Bennett.

Emily T. Lee (SEAL.)

J. Frank Lee (SEAL.)

Virginia Lee Price (SEAL.)

Price Price (SEAL.)

Benjamin C Barrell Jr. (SEAL.)

Emma Lee Barrell (SEAL.)

William J. Morton (SEAL.)

Elizabeth Lee Morton (SEAL.)

Bowditch Morton

PAY TO THE ORDER
OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE,
Marjorie Lee

Mrs. Charles W. Lee

with the compliments of the writer

Geo. R. Bedford

Margaret H Reinman

Stella Reiman Wright

Jacob Rifray Miller

Jessie Reiman

Mr Harvey

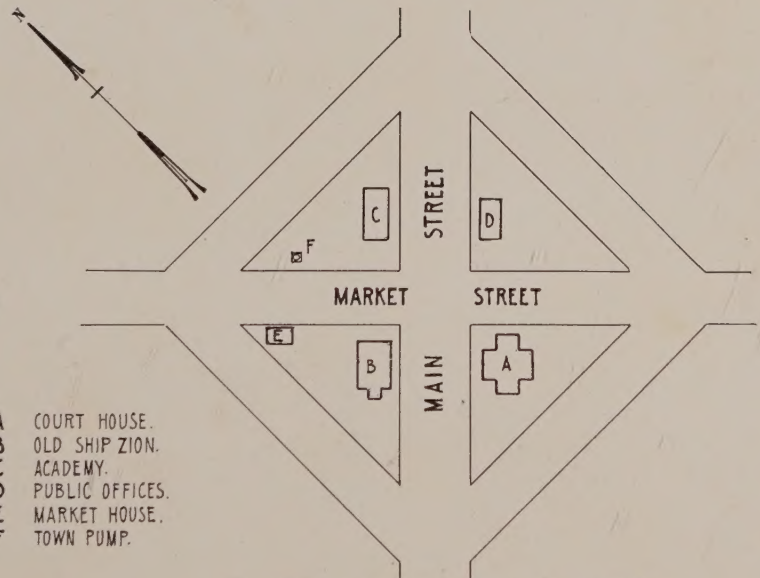
Yours Very truly,
Andrew J. Chadwick

Pay M. K. Woodward Esq
Order for Collection, account of
Barnett, Phelps & Co,
A. W. Mumma

have hereunto subscribed our names and affixed our seals

J. P. Barnett [seal]

A. Ricketts [seal]



PUBLIC SQUARE IN 1850

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

BY

GEORGE R. BEDFORD

A Paper Read November 16th, 1917, before
THE WYOMING HISTORICAL AND GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY
Wilkes-Barre, Penn'a.

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SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

By Mr. George R. Bedford.

READ BEFORE THE WYOMING HISTORICAL AND GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, NOVEMBER 16, 1917.

During my summer vacation days this year at Bear Creek I employed some of my leisure hours in reviving my recollection of other and earlier days, and was led to make note of some facts connected with my rather uneventful life, and to recount briefly my recollection of certain local conditions, people and events, intermingled with bits of local history.

Certain of my ancestors on both sides of the house were settled in Wyoming Valley at the time of the battle and massacre, July 3, 1778. One of them lost his life in the battle, and his bones, mingled with others, lie under the Wyoming Monument. My grandparents, on my father's side, came to the valley from the State of New York, and on my mother's side from the State of Connecticut.

My grandmother Bedford, then a child between five and six years of age, was with her parents in the Forty Fort and was taken captive when the fort was surrendered to Major John Butler, who was in command of the invading Indian and Tory forces. She lived to the age of ninety-six years and I often talked over with her the experiences and hardships of those early days.

The faces of all captives, as prisoners of war, were marked with paint by the Indians. This afforded them some protection as against other Indians, and they did not venture to wash their faces until out of the reach of danger.

Major John Butler was, I understand, a native of Connecticut, and I have heard it stated that he was in some degree a cousin of Colonel Zebulon Butler, who, on that fatal 3d July, 1778, was in command of the patriot forces. However this may be, I think it lacks proof.

Although the conduct of Major John Butler is not to be

condoned, I am persuaded that he was not the monster he has been painted. Immediately after the battle word went to Philadelphia and thence to England that when he was asked for terms of capitulation of the Forty Fort he replied, "The Hatchet," and it was declared that the threat was to a considerable extent carried out. This report, when it reached England, aroused great indignation against the Government and resulted in a large measure of openly expressed sympathy for the Colonies, and worked to their manifest advantage. Later this report of the terms of surrender offered by Major Butler was disproved, but the truth was suppressed because it was feared that if the English people learned that the report had been grossly exaggerated there would be a revulsion of public feeling.

The fact is that, following the battle and before the surrender of the fort, Major Butler manifested anxiety for the safety of the inmates and was at pains to send word to the fort to destroy all liquor, that otherwise he would be unable to control the Indians. This advice was heeded and Major Butler afforded the inmates such protection that not one of them was harmed, though many outside the fort were slain. The untrue report was incorporated in some of the histories of the Revolutionary War, and is, to some extent, perhaps to a considerable extent, believed at the present day.

Major Butler advised our family and others of their neighbors to leave the Fort as quietly as possible and make their escape. Under cover of darkness they found their way to the river shore, where a boat was in readiness. They went on board and floated down stream with the current, aided by a pair of oars, and the next night reached the Nescopeck Rapids, where on the river's bank there was a cabin. Some of the members of the party proposed that they should land and occupy the cabin over night. Others, more cautious, advised continuing the journey in the boat, and fortunately their advice prevailed. A boat following

with its occupants landed, the boat was moored and the party availed themselves of the cabin's shelter, but, sad to say, every one of them was massacred by the Indians the same night. My grandmother's family and friends, continuing their journey, finally reached the safe haven of Sunbury. They carried with them a few personal belongings, including the much treasured family Bible containing the family record. In the course of their journey the Bible got wet and they piously dried it leaf by leaf in the sun. I now have the Bible, which is more than one hundred and fifty years old.

I.

Both my parents were natives of Wyoming Valley. My father was Andrew Bedford, who was born in April, in the year 1800, in that portion of Kingston township now embraced in the borough of Wyoming, and died in his ninetieth year. My mother was the eldest daughter of Benjamin Reynolds and was born at Plymouth in 1806 and died in August, 1845. In 1824 my father was graduated as a doctor of medicine from the medical department of Yale College and settled as a practicing physician in that part of Abington township, Luzerne county, now embraced in the borough of Waverly, Lackawanna county, some ten miles north of the present city of Scranton.

The Abington country was largely a wilderness and was sparsely settled. At that early day doctors were few and far between and my father's practice covered a territory extending from Montrose, in Susquehanna county, to some three miles below the present city of Scranton, a region in which hundreds of doctors are now engaged in the active practice of their profession.

Roads were so poor that my father in his rounds to visit patients traveled altogether on horseback, and he has told me that it not unfrequently happened that for three days and nights together the only sleep he got was on horseback, and that sometimes, awakened by the horse being under a

dead run, he would find himself firmly braced in the stirrups. This experience entailed great hardship, as a result of which he broke down in health after a number of years of active practice of his profession and was forced to seek other occupation. With George W. Woodward, William Swetland and E. W. Sturdevant he represented Luzerne county in the convention of 1837-8 that formed the Constitution of the State.

Many men of great eminence at the bar and in public life were members of this convention. Among such members were John Sergeant, Daniel Agnew, Thomas S. Bell, Walter Forward, William M. Meredith, Charles Chauncey, James M. Porter, Charles J. Ingersoll, Thaddeus Stevens and Joseph Hopkinson. These men were all great lawyers. Some of them served in judicial office and others as cabinet officers. Matthew W. Baldwin, the founder of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and Joseph R. Chandler, the distinguished Philadelphia editor, were also members.

My parents, after marriage, continued to reside in Abington, where I was born 22d November, 1840, the youngest but one of seven sons, of whom I am the sole survivor.

In my early boyhood days I spent several successive years and thereafter a considerable portion of every summer with my Reynolds grandparents in Plymouth. I attended school for a while in the old Academy, which was a two-story building having two school rooms on the first floor and one room on the second floor used for church purposes, the only place at that time in all Plymouth where church services were conducted.

The commodious Reynolds homestead was located on rising ground about one-half mile from the Susquehanna River and immediately back of the present location of the Nottingham breaker. It had a commanding view of the lower part of the valley, extending up as far as Wilkes-Barre. There was at the time no evidence in sight of coal mining. At several places on the main street there were

small clusters of houses, but all else was highly cultivated farm land, extending from well up on the slope of the mountain to the river's shore. Taking it all in all, there was no more beautiful part of the Wyoming Valley. In the twilight of the summer evenings we were wont to sit at the front of the old home and hear the pleasant and oft recurring sound of the boatman's horn miles away, wafted across the river and giving signal to the keeper of the outlet lock to make ready for the passage of boats in and out of the canal.

Alas, all is changed! Towering coal breakers and huge culm banks are marked features of the landscape. The canal and its locks, its boats and its boatmen, together with the boatman's horn, have long since passed away.

Plymouth is historic ground and was intimately associated with many of the events that preceded and followed the Wyoming Massacre. A prominent actor in these events and a character of great originality was Col. George P. Ransom, who was yet living at his home in Plymouth when I was a member of my grandfather's family, and who died in 1850 at the advanced age of nearly ninety years. His military funeral and the oft repeated story of his checkered career made a deep impression on my boyhood mind. He served with credit in the Revolutionary War and displayed valor at Germantown and Brandywine and elsewhere while serving with his father's company in Washington's army. He accompanied General Sullivan in his expedition against the Indians in the year following the Wyoming Massacre. After meritorious service and after his enlistment expired he was honorably discharged from the army and returned to Plymouth. Soon afterwards, one cold December evening in 1780, Ransom, arrayed in his cocked hat and blue coat with buff lapels and gilt buttons, went up to the house of Benjamin Harvey, in the upper part of the village, "a sparking", to use his own words, and while comfortably seated in front of the blazing wood fire with Mr. Harvey,

his son, his daughter and her girl friend, an ominous tap was heard on the door. Presently the door opened and a marauding band of six Indians entered and made prisoners of the whole party, including Mr. Harvey, his son and the two young women as well. They all took up the march at once for Canada, the objective point of Indians having prisoners of war. When they reached the top of the Shawnee Mountain the Indians released the two young women, after painting their faces in true Indian style, and the two in the darkness made their way to the fort at Wilkes-Barre and gave the alarm, but too late to effect the rescue of Ransom and his companions. The latter, except the elder Harvey, who had been released en route, were taken to Canada and held prisoners for some six months, when they effected their escape.

As related by Colonel Wright, in his "Historical Sketches of Plymouth", Colonel Ransom late in life was in the Arndt tavern at Wilkes-Barre and heard a young man speak very disrespectfully and disparagingly of Washington. He declared that Washington was neither a great man nor a great soldier, but had taken advantage of fortunate circumstances to palm himself off upon the world as such. This was more than the old soldier could bear, and raising his cane he felled the impudent young sprig to the floor. The latter prosecuted the Colonel for assault and battery. When the cause came on before the Court Col. Ransom appeared without advocate, pleaded guilty, stated the circumstances and submitted himself to the Court. Hon. David Scott was presiding judge, his associates being the venerable Matthias Hollenback and Jesse Fell. Judge Scott remarked: "This is a case which I choose to leave to my associates, as they are old soldiers and can fully appreciate the circumstances", and then he left his seat on the bench. Judge Hollenback asked Colonel Ramson where he was at such a date. The answer was: "In my father's company in Washington's army." "And where on the 3rd of July, 1778?" "With

Captain Spalding on my way to Wyoming." "And where the following summer?" "With General Sullivan in the lake country flogging the Indians." "And where the next fall and winter?" "A prisoner on the St. Lawrence." "Ah!" said Judge Hollenback, "all that is true enough, Colonel Ransom, and did you knock the fellow down?" "I did so and would do it again under like provocation." "What was the provocation?" asked the judge. "The rascal abused the name of General Washington." The judge replied: "Colonel Ransom, the judgment of the Court is that you pay a fine of one cent and that the prosecutor pay the costs." This sentence was followed by an outburst of applause. It can still be read on the old pages of Quarter Sessions Docket No. 1, in the archives of the Luzerne county court house.

II.

Many summer days in my boyhood were spent with relatives in Kingston, a village then having a population of not exceeding five hundred. Before the coming of the railroad, about 1856, there were no streets and no buildings beyond the Seminary buildings located on what was then called Back street, now College avenue.

Though small in numbers and extent Kingston was even then well known over a large part of the United States because of its far-famed institution of learning—the Wyoming Seminary, which, under the Rev. Dr. Reuben Nelson, early took high rank among the educational institutions of the country and which for more than seventy years has been teaching the young of both sexes at the rate of four to five hundred each year. To this institution, now and for many years under the able presidency of the Rev. Dr. Sprague, thousands of men and women of the present day are indebted for a liberal education. When I was young, and an annual visitor at Kingston, the principal event in the life of the old village was the closing exercises of the

school year in June—what in these latter days is "Commencement" but formerly called "Seminary week".

Seminary week was practically a holiday and was the occasion for the entertainment of many visitors by the residents of the village. The leading feature of Seminary week and one looked forward to by the student body and their friends was the "exhibition" on the closing day. The exhibition consisted of original declamations and original plays, which latter, in deference to a certain prejudice against things that savored of the theater, were called colloquies, written and acted by the students. These were listened to with interest and becoming pride on the part of the students themselves, their families and friends. An address by some distinguished man marked the close of the week's exercises. The first exhibition that I remember was in a nearby orchard in the shade of the apple trees. Afterwards a tent of large capacity was provided for the purpose, and was in use until June, 1863, when the last old-time exhibition was given.

Kingston's playground and picnic ground and a place of almost daily resort on the part of the young people in warm weather was Toby's Eddy, a very beautiful peninsula of considerable extent at the junction of Toby's Creek and the river, a little south of the present Woodward colliery. Beautiful greensward, many splendid stately trees and a fine bathing beach combined to make an ideal spot for the pleasure and entertainment of all who sought its sylvan shades.

It was here that Count Zinzendorf, an Austrian nobleman, but a follower of John Huss and associated with the Moravian Brethren at Bethlehem, pitched his tent some years before the coming of the Connecticut settlers. Touched by the accounts he had received of their moral degradation, he came to preach salvation to the Indians, but they were suspicious and unwilling to believe that the Count was sincerely interested in their welfare. They determined to

kill him and appointed two of their number for the purpose. These two stealthily approached the tent and cautiously drew aside a blanket guard that formed the tent's door. They had full view of their intended victim, who was alone and apparently in devout meditation. At the moment when the savages looked into the tent a rattlesnake glided harmlessly across the legs of the Count, who saw neither the serpent nor the murderous savages. The latter regarded him as under the special protection of the Great Spirit, and returning to their tribe they reported the circumstances, with the result that enmity against the Count was changed to veneration and he succeeded in establishing a mission which continued for some years, until war broke out between the Indian tribes themselves.

The incident of Count Zinzendorf and the serpent will recall to Bible readers the experience of St. Paul with the viper when shipwrecked on the Island of Melita on his journey to Rome—as related in Acts XXVIII, vs. 3, 4, 5.

Toby's Eddy is no more. The construction of a high railroad embankment and the ice flood of '61 completely wiped out Toby's Eddy.

Of the seventeen townships laid out by the Susquehanna Company the township of Kingston was first settled.

At the outset forty Connecticut settlers located there and as a measure of safety built the fort which later figured so largely in the history of the valley. Having regard to the number of settlers the fort was named Forty Fort.

III.

My education, such as it is, was acquired by attendance at the common schools of the time and at Madison Academy in Abington, which has long since ceased to be an academy and is now the high school of the borough of Waverly.

In my boyhood days, and more particularly in early boyhood, life in the country and in the country village was very primitive. The only heating of our homes was by means

of wood fires. The lighting in the main was by tallow candles made in the house, occasionally helped out by a whale oil lamp. There were no markets. Every family was dependent on its own garden for vegetables, and for winter use these were pretty much limited to potatoes, onions, turnips and cabbage. Canned fruit and canned vegetables were unknown. Fresh meat was infrequent though occasionally obtainable by way of exchange between neighbors, but more often from some farmer who would secure orders before hand sufficient to warrant him in killing a sheep, or calf, or steer, as the case might be. "In hog killing time," however—that is in the late fall and early winter—fresh pork would be abundant and it afforded an important and much relished addition to the family diet.

In our village oysters were a great rarity and very seldom indulged in, but in towns of the size of Wilkes-Barre they were generally obtainable during the winter months. Oysters were not, however, to be had in the shell up to say 1855. For market far away from the seashore they were taken out of the shell and put up in small wooden kegs holding about two quarts each. Even so they were considered a luxury, and we were not over critical as to the length of time or distance from their native waters.

A visit to Europe was almost unknown and unheard of, and it was some distinction to make a trip to New York or Philadelphia, which was undertaken by very few and only on rare occasions, and in the absence of railroads involved a tiresome stage ride of at least two days.

Mail facilities were few, and to a large extent mail was carried on horseback. There were no postage stamps. Payment of postage would be made either by the sender or by the recipient of letters, and was at the rate of five cents per half ounce for the first three hundred miles, with a graduated scale for greater distances, reaching a maximum, I think, of twenty-five cents.

There were no letter envelopes. Letters were so folded

that the last half sheet enveloped the letter and received the address, and they were sealed with a wafer or sealing wax.

Blotting paper was a later invention. Tin boxes, with small holes like a pepper box and filled with black sand, were kept on every desk, the sand being sprinkled over the writing to take up the surplus ink.

The common schools of the time were emphatically "common", and the teaching rarely extended beyond the rudiments expressed in the familiar formula, "the three R's".

Steel pens were not yet in use. All one's writing (and beautiful writing it often was) was done with a pen made from a quill of a goose, and one of the requisites of a common school teacher was ability to make and mend quill pens for his pupils' use.

In all the churches in our region all pews were free, and men and women sat apart, even to the separation of families.

The circulation of real money was very limited, and consisted largely of silver, mostly of Mexican coinage and denominated sixpence, shilling, etc.—the sixpence being the equivalent of six and one-quarter cents, two shillings the equivalent of a quarter of a dollar, and eight shillings of a dollar, about half the equivalent of the English shilling.

Merchants, in marking prices of their goods up to say two and a half dollars, used altogether these denominations rather than the decimal system now in universal use. For example, twenty shillings rather than two and a half dollars.

Clothing of men, women and children was much more simple and much less expensive than for many years last past.

Instead of overcoats many men made use of heavy grey shawls, which were much less expensive though less becoming than overcoats. Rubber overshoes were unknown. In icy weather women were wont to draw heavy woolen socks over their shoes to guard against slipping.

The Civil War of 1861-65 between the States, North and

South, seemed to be the turning point in the economic life of the people, and at its conclusion a new era opened, bringing about many and radical changes in the habits of the people and their modes of living.

IV.

Our home in Abington was some ten miles from the present city of Scranton, which, when I first knew it, was itself known as "Slocum Hollow" and consisted of a country tavern, a country store, a blast furnace and houses for those employed there, altogether very few in number; so few were they, I well remember that the stage which ran from Carbondale to Wilkes-Barre passed through Providence and Hyde Park, villages on the west side of the Lackawanna river, now part of Scranton, and did not find it worth while to go by way of Slocum Hollow on the east side of the river, the inhabitants of which, if they had occasion, boarded the stage at Hyde Park.

This is hard to realize in face of the fact that Scranton is now the third city of the State; its growth from such a small beginning, its large volume of business, and the progressive spirit and public enterprise of its citizens being the marvel of all who knew the region in earlier days.

The Wyoming Valley when I first knew it was famed throughout the land for its unexcelled rural beauty, and was the theme of poets and writers of prose as well.

It is to be remembered that there were no railroads, no noisy and dirty trains, no coal breakers and culm banks, no tumble-down miners' houses, no closely built up sections, but a small population, mostly a pastoral people, who were descendants of New England settlers and who observed the best traditions of their ancestors and who were housed in substantial homes with beautiful surroundings; there were fertile farms with green meadows and waving grain fields with bits of woodland; a pellucid flowing river

abounding with fish and uncontaminated by mine waste; the whole encircled by mountain ranges.

From the viewpoint of Prospect Rock on the mountain-side there lay before the beholder a landscape which neither the poet's pen nor the artist's pencil, nor both combined, could fitly portray.

Mention of the Wyoming Valley would be incomplete if it failed to make reference to the valley's great over-shadowing industry—the mining and shipment of anthracite coal.

It is a matter of regret that the prosecution of this industry has done much to mar the valley's natural beauty, but there is compensation in the fact that its landowners have been enriched, that to many thousands employment is steadily given, that millions of the people throughout the land have been afforded protection against the winter's storms and made comfortable in their homes.

The coal business had reached some considerable proportions before the Civil War, but trifling in comparison to the great output of the present day.

When a boy in Plymouth, in 1855, I remember hearing it remarked of the largest coal operation in Plymouth, as a great achievement, that it had mined and shipped to market in a single year fifteen thousand tons of coal—not the equivalent of the output for ten days of any one of a number of collieries of the present day.

Apropos of the Plymouth shipment, we may remark that the money value of the coal shipped from the Wyoming Valley for a number of years past is the equivalent of more than fifty million dollars per year, all produced from a territory three miles by twenty miles in extent.

Where on the globe can one find any approach to this output of mineral wealth from a territory of equal area?

The anthracite coal trade received a great impetus by the Civil War, due to the fact that the United States Government adopted its use for the vessels of the navy for the reason that it was smokeless. The blockade runners and

vessels of the Confederate navy labored under the disadvantage of being compelled to use bituminous coal, which left a long trail of smoke and thus betrayed their location, while those using anthracite coal were comparatively safe from discovery.

V.

I came to know Wilkes-Barre fairly well early in life and when the town had a population of less than three thousand, but was the centre of influence, social and civil, for all Northeastern Pennsylvania.

As already stated, I was a frequent visitor at the nearby villages of Kingston and Plymouth, and I also visited relatives who lived in Wilkes-Barre.

I well remember the year 1848 because of an experience which made a never-to-be-forgotten impression upon my boyish mind. That year marked the close of the Mexican War, and in July the company of soldiers known as the "Wyoming Artillerists", under the command of Captain Edmund L. Dana, who had gone from Wilkes-Barre and served during the campaign under Major General Winfield Scott, returned home and was warmly welcomed by a turnout of practically the whole valley.

Captain Dana's company arrived in canal packet boats, debarked along Canal street, now Pennsylvania avenue, near South street, and was met by all the military organizations of the valley, commanded by their regimental officers. The reception and parade were followed by an address of welcome by President Judge John N. Conyngham. An evergreen arch of welcome spanned Franklin street in front of Captain Dana's home, a frame building on the site of the present church rectory, next St. Stephen's church.

I remember, too, that hand in hand with my girl cousin and playmate, now Mrs. Bruce Ricketts, I attended a performance given by Tom Thumb in the Hillard Block in the year 1849, when I was less than nine years old and she several years my junior. Another attendant at that same

performance was a young Miss also some years younger than myself, now and for a long time past my neighbor and good friend, Mrs. William L. Conyngham.

I recall the general appearance of the town at the time, and as it continued without much change throughout the fifties and for some years more, when it was hardly more than a village.

The river common, now so beautiful with its stately trees and its lawn and its walks and flowers, was then entirely bare of trees, and cows at pasture were its principal occupants.

One day in the year the common below Northampton street was given over to the circus, an event looked forward to with great interest and which gathered together a very large part of the population of the valley. The common was the playground of the town and ball games and other sports were there indulged in.

I might remark, incidentally, that in the opinion of the elders of my relatives the circus, and particularly its clown, were considered rather demoralizing, and we youngsters were warned to limit ourselves to watching the parade; but some years later the ban was removed.

In grading the lower river common for a short distance above South street some fifty years ago, the workmen uncovered an ancient Indian burial ground. Besides a large number of skeletons they found numerous arrow heads, pipes, and other Indian relics, many of which relics, and, perhaps, most of them, are in the possession of the Historical Society.

Main street and Market street extended through the Public Square and thus divided the Square into four parts.

On the southern part was located the old frame court house. On the west portion was the old church known as "Old Ship Zion", with its very tall and graceful steeple, about one hundred and sixty feet in height. On the northern portion of the Square was located the old Wilkes-Barre

Academy and the town pump, and on the east portion a stone building which contained the county offices. At the right of the entrance of Market street was a small open market house, later used to house a fire engine, and itself destroyed by fire in June, 1855.

All the buildings on the Public Square were removed about the year 1858 to make room for the erection, in the center of the Square, of the court house which soon followed. This court house was in turn taken down in 1909 on the completion of the present court house at the head of the river common, and the Square itself was beautified as a city park.

The origin of the name "Old Ship Zion" is uncertain and is buried in the dim past. The erection of the church was begun in 1801, but it was not ready for occupancy until 1812, and was the result of the combined efforts of the Congregationalists or Presbyterians, the Episcopalians and the Methodists, who occupied it in turn. In time friction developed and the several denominations parted company. The first to give offense were the Episcopalians, who made bold to trim the church with evergreens at Christmas. This was an affront to the Puritan idea of Christmas and was not to be overlooked. The Episcopalians retired from the field and about the year 1822 erected a frame church on the present site of St. Stephen's. Later a dispute arose between the Presbyterians and the Methodists, and the former sold out their interest for one thousand dollars and about the year 1831 or 1832 built a frame church on the present site of the Osterhout Library.

The Methodists remained in possession of "Old Ship Zion" until they built and occupied, about the year 1849, their brick church on North Franklin street, which was replaced by the present structure in 1884-1885.

The streets around the four sides of the Square were taken up mainly by business buildings, but to some extent by residences. These buildings were generally of frame,

THE OLD COURT HOUSE.

Demolished 1858.

two stories high, and this was true of the great majority of the buildings in the town; brick buildings being an exception. The buildings on the north and east sides of the Square were destroyed by fire about sixty years ago and replaced by brick buildings three or more stories high. The south side of the Square was rebuilt in brick somewhat earlier and the west side many years later.

At the east corner of Public Square and East Market street there remained, until about forty years ago, a frame house which for many years was the home of Hon. David Scott, who preceded Judge Conyngham on the bench and served as president judge of the Eleventh Judicial District, of which Luzerne county formed a part, from the year 1818 to 1838, a period of twenty years.

On the site of the present Bennett office building, at the intersection of the Square and North Main street, stood Steele's hotel, a large five-story brick building, well known in its day, erected some time in the fifties.

In passing, it may be remarked that the term "hotel" is a rather modern one. In common parlance of the time and in legal designation such places were termed "taverns".

The handsome bank building of the First National Bank, facing the Square on the south side, was the site of a pretentious brick residence, three stories high, and at the time of its removal the oldest brick building in Wilkes-Barre. It was erected and occupied in 1807 by Joseph Slocum, (brother of Frances Slocum, the "Lost Sister of Wyoming", taken captive by the Indians when five years old, in November, 1778, some four months after the Wyoming Massacre. Some sixty years later she was found on an Indian reservation in Indiana, the widow of an Indian chief.)

The mention of Joseph Slocum recalls a romantic incident that related to one of his daughters. One day in 1879, about midday, I happened to be in the law office of Stanley Woodward (where I had formerly been a student), when a rather distinguished looking gentleman entered, whom I

at once recognized as Mr. William G. Moorehead of Philadelphia, having met him a year or two earlier at the seashore. Mr. Moorehead was one of the prominent citizens and a leading business man of Philadelphia. He made a large fortune in the South America trade and became a partner in the banking house of Jay Cooke & Company, at the time one of the great banking houses of the country.

While Mr. Moorehead was greeting Mr. Woodward I took the opportunity to leave the office for my home, and as I walked down Franklin street I happened to look back and saw Mr. Moorehead and Mr. Woodward following. I was a little curious to know their destination, inasmuch as I had heard it hinted that early in life Mr. Moorehead visited here and had an affair of the heart. The two gentlemen entered the home of Mrs. Lord Butler, on the westerly side of Franklin street, third door below Northampton street. An hour or so later I called at Mr. Woodward's office and remarked to him that I had noticed that he and Mr. Moorehead called at Mrs. Butler's. "Why, yes," he said, "that is rather interesting. As soon as you left Mr. Moorehead said: 'Woodward, I was here in 1829, fifty years ago. I and another young Philadelphian were taking a trip and we came here bringing letters of introduction to your father, who was also a young man and who had not then, I think, been admitted to the bar. While here a grand party was given at the home of Judge Mallery, to which party your father secured invitations for us and I met there, I think, the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life. I completely lost my heart with her and I remained here some two weeks in the hope of winning her but found there was no use as she was already engaged and I had to give up the pursuit. I wonder if she is living still.' I said, 'What was the young lady's name?' He answered 'Abi Slocum.' I then said, 'Yes, indeed, she is living. She is my wife's aunt and lives down the street a short distance. Wouldn't you like to call on her?' 'I would of all things.' We called

and inquired for Mrs. Butler. She very soon appeared and I presented Mr. Moorehead. Then Mr. Moorehead remarked to her: 'Mrs. Butler, I met you fifty years ago at a party at Judge Mallery's.' She at first could not recall the party, but Mr. Moorehead then stated: 'I remember it so well that I even remember the dress you wore,' and he gave her some short description of the dress and material, whereupon Mrs. Butler exclaimed: 'I have the dress still in a quilt upstairs and I will bring it down,' which she at once did, and Mr. Moorehead, evidently very much interested, exclaimed: 'That's the dress; that's the dress.' After some more pleasant talk with Mrs. Butler we took our leave."

Judge Garrick Mallery (admitted August 8, 1811) at whose home was given the party in 1829, was the most distinguished lawyer of his time at the Luzerne bar, or, in fact, in Northeastern Pennsylvania. He was appointed in 1831 judge of the Berks and Northampton District, and after a few years service resigned and removed to Philadelphia and became eminent at the Philadelphia bar. His home in Wilkes-Barre was a large colonial frame house that stood on the site now occupied by the Wilkes-Barre Institute.

VI.

Main street, on its westerly side, from the Square to Northampton street, was taken up by business buildings. On its easterly side it was altogether occupied by residences, and this was practically true of Main street north of the Square to Union street, beyond which were very few buildings.

On the easterly side of Main street, south of Northampton street, nearly all the lots were vacant, but there was one notable exception. For some one hundred and thirty years there has been standing on the easterly side of Main street, about midway between Northampton street and South street, a large two-story frame structure, known as

the Ross house, the oldest and most historic building now standing in Wilkes-Barre, but hemmed in on either side by business buildings. In its construction oak timbers and oak sidings and nails wrought by hand were used. It was built about the year 1788 by Timothy Pickering, a native of Salem, Mass., who had served as adjutant general of Washington's army and after the Revolutionary War settled in Philadelphia. In 1787 he was sent by the government of the State to Wilkes-Barre to organize the county of Luzerne and was commissioned to hold most of the county offices. He remained here until 1792, having the year previous been appointed postmaster general by President Washington. Later he successively filled the offices of secretary of war and secretary of state in Washington's cabinet, and was continued as secretary of state in the cabinet of President John Adams. After his retirement from the cabinet he returned to Salem and was elected to represent Massachusetts in the United States Senate.

The Main street house, together with surrounding land, was sold by Pickering to General William Ross and is held to this day by his descendants.

Until 1864 Franklin street ended at South street, all beyond being farms except a small settlement about the intersection of Main, Ross and Hazle streets, known as "Woodville" and quite apart from the built up portion of the town. The Methodist Church, which until recent years stood on Ross street near Main, and of which the Central Methodist Church at Franklin and Academy streets is the successor, was known as the Woodville church and so named in its charter.

Washington street, with very few buildings along it and ending at South street, was grass grown—a wagon track marking the traveled portion of the highway.

West Market street (now somewhat out of the running) ranked with the westerly side of South Main street and the Public Square as a business section. The buildings

THE OLD SINTON STORE-HOUSE.

(From Oscar J. Harvey's "History of Wilkes-Barre and Wyoming Valley.")

were mostly frame, nearly all of which between Franklin and River streets were destroyed by fire in 1867, and among them the Eagle Hotel, a large three-story frame building which stood on the north corner of Market and Franklin streets, now the site of the Dime Bank. An old landmark and in its day a busy corner was Sinton's store, at one time doing the largest mercantile business in Wilkes-Barre, a one-story frame building, taken down in 1860, and its site now and for many years occupied by the Wyoming Bank.

The Sinton store, like all country stores at the time, dealt in practically all articles of merchandise—dry goods, groceries, hats, boots and shoes, crockery, hardware, etc., suggestive of the department store of the present day.

The Quaker merchants, Jacob and Joseph Sinton, were most scrupulous and exact in all their dealings; most particular were they to see that full weight and full measure were accorded every customer. As already stated, the silver coinage of the time involved fractions of cents, and the Sintons, unable to return change to the half cent, would hand the customer part of a paper of pins or needles of equivalent value.

Another successful old-time merchant was John B. Wood, who, in striking contrast to the usual laudation of one's wares, advertised in large headlines in the newspapers of the day:

"POOR GOODS AT HIGH PRICES."

The novelty of this advertisement seemed to attract trade. Sales increased to such an extent that in time Mr. Wood was able to retire from the mercantile business and become a banker.

East Market street has been transformed from a very quiet neighborhood to one of the busiest sections of the city. When I first knew it there were no business places and very few houses between the Square and Washington street, and fewer still beyond.

On the lower side of East Market street, on the corner of

Washington street, where now is located the Derr building and other buildings, stood until the year 1873 the county jail, with its yard enclosed by a high and heavy stone wall extending halfway to the Public Square. This jail yard was the scene of the execution of some five or six criminals, at different times, found guilty of murder in the first degree.

On one of these occasions, now sixty years or more ago, a young man of the immediate neighborhood and a member of one of the first families—whose allowance was limited by his family for prudential reasons—with a resourceful turn of mind but lacking in a becoming sense of the fitness of things, erected a ladder to the roof of his widowed mother's house (greatly to her annoyance when she learned of it) that afforded a point of view from which could be witnessed the tragedy within the walls of the jail. A considerable number of persons, with a morbid taste difficult to account for, availed themselves of the opportunity and at a shilling a head ascended the ladder and took their places on the roof. While comfortably seated and intent on the scenes in the jail yard, the enterprising young man, quietly and unobserved, removed the ladder. At the conclusion of the execution the occupants of the roof discovered their dilemna and became more anxious to get down than they had been to get up. The young man would only replace the ladder upon condition that his guests should each drop down to him a quarter of a dollar (which was twice the original price of admission), with which condition the roof occupants unanimously and promptly complied.

One, at least, of the occupants of the roof at the time named, is still a highly respected resident of the valley.

From the settlement of the town, and until nearly fifty years ago, the "Wilkes-Barre Burying Ground" (so-called by the inhabitants and so designated on the town plot) occupied the north side of Market street from Washington

street to Canal street, now Pennsylvania avenue, and extended north one-third of the distance to Union street.

It was utterly different from the cemetery of modern times. There many of the forefathers of the hamlet slept. Shining white marble and polished granite shafts were absent, and in their stead were simple memorials marking the burial places of the worthy men and women who rested there. It continued to be practically the universal place of sepulture of the departed inhabitants of the old borough until the opening of the Hollenback Cemetery in the year 1856, followed by that of the City Cemetery in the year 1870, to which latter one all remaining in the old "burying ground" were reverently removed and the premises afterwards closely built up by the city building and other buildings.

An occurrence, more than forty years ago, at an interment in the Hollenback Cemetery strikingly illustrated the proverb that "it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." The wife of a leading citizen had passed away, and among her pall bearers was a very portly and rotund and well-known member of the bar, of whom it might be said, in the language of a Dutch settler, that "he was taller round than he was high". During the services at the grave, and when the casket was about to be lowered to its place, the earth suddenly gave away under the feet of our plethoric friend and he gently glided into the grave ahead of the casket. By reason of his rotundity and his avoirdupois, he was unable to help himself, but by the combined efforts of the undertaker and pall bearers and sympathetic friends, and the use of straps intended for lowering the coffin, our friend was rescued from his predicament and safely landed on the surface. A solemn function was turned into comedy. The transition from grave to gay (no pun intended) was sudden and unexpected. The services were concluded with some haste, the friends of the departed meantime maintaining reasonable decorum, but

as soon as restraint was removed and they had re-entered their carriages the pent up merriment found vent and the demeanor on their return home of the friends who had been present at the sad and solemn service betokened an attendance at a circus rather than at a funeral.

VII.

The appearance of River street has been much changed and improved within my recollection—new and better buildings taking the place of old ones.

A brewery—the oldest brewery in the county and for many years the only brewery—was in operation near the south corner of River and Union streets. The premises extended along River street for a distance of about three hundred feet, on which are now standing several handsome private residences.

A large vacant corner lot and several small frame buildings occupied the present site of "The Sterling" and of the adjoining brick buildings on Market street.

Thirty years ago there was still standing on the present site of the Coal Exchange, corner of River and Market streets, a large brick building three stories high, occupied mainly as a residence, but the corner rooms on the first floor as a store. Adjoining it on the south side was a two-story brick building, which for a number of years housed the Wyoming Bank.

The home of Judge John N. Conyngham, where he lived the greater part of his life, was about halfway down this block and is now owned and occupied by Major Stearns.

On River street, about one hundred feet below Market street, was located the Phoenix Hotel, which was taken down more than fifty years ago and was succeeded by the Wyoming Valley Hotel, which in its turn was removed a few years since and replaced by the present office building of the Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal Company.

One September morning, in 1853, three strangers were

PHOENIX HOTEL, IN 1850.

(From Oscar J. Harvey's "History of Wilkes-Barre and Wyoming Valley.")

being served with breakfast at the old Phoenix by a colored waiter whose name was William Thomas, a quadroon of powerful build and handsome appearance, and who it seems was a fugitive slave from the South. Other guests at the table and the employes of the hotel were startled by the sudden act of the three strangers in all springing upon Thomas and making a brutal assault in an attempt to place handcuffs upon him. They tore off most of his clothing and inflicted several painful wounds. Of the three strangers, one was the agent of the alleged owner of Thomas and the other two were deputies of Colonel Wynkoop, United States Marshal, who several years before had been the colonel of the regiment in the Mexican War of which regiment Captain Dana's company was a part.

Fortunately for Thomas the deputy marshals and the agent succeeded only in placing the handcuffs on Thomas' one hand, which, as a matter of fact, furnished him with a very effective weapon of defense. Swinging the one free handcuff he kept his assailants at bay. Seizing a carving knife from the table he rushed, all blood stained, from the room, and across the river common and down the bank into the river, some distance from shore. The deputies and the owner's agent quickly followed, and, standing at the top of the bank, displayed revolvers and commanded Thomas to come out or they would shoot him. He replied: "You can shoot me but you can't take me." The news rapidly spread and a large crowd quickly gathered, some of whom are yet living. Among the crowd were many colored citizens of the town, including Rex, the colored barber, who called to Thomas: "Drown yourself, Bill; drown yourself; don't let them take you!" The advice to drown himself did not seem to appeal to Bill, who was standing in the water up to his neck. The sympathies of the crowd were with Thomas, and the movements of the agent and the two deputies were so hampered and impeded that they practically could do nothing. Meantime Thomas made his way

around the bridge abutment and along the river shore to a point above Union street, and then passed out of sight and made good his escape to Canada.

The crowd of colored men assumed a threatening attitude toward the agent and the deputies; the latter, taking alarm, hurriedly ordered their horses and carriage and drove rapidly down River street, pursued by the colored men who shouted vengeance. The horses were put to the run and the pursuers were soon out-distanced.

The affair created great excitement and the newspapers here and elsewhere devoted much space to it. The agent and deputies were indicted by the grand jury, but a writ of habeas corpus was granted and, upon a hearing at Philadelphia before Mr. Justice Grier of the United States Supreme Court, the defendants were discharged from custody.

Colonel Wynkoop, United States Marshal, offered a reward of a hundred dollars for information leading to the conviction of the persons who interfered with the deputies, but evidently the information was not forthcoming.

Some few years after these occurrence Thomas was seen by one of our citizens serving as head waiter at the Clifton House on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls.

One effect of the attack on Thomas was to completely change the politics of some who witnessed it. Certain of them who were pronounced Democrats and in favor of the fugitive slave law were so impressed with the brutality incident to the law's enforcement that they became at once active Abolitionists, and thereafter aided fugitive slaves to make good their escape.

VIII.

The Phoenix Hotel in the forties and fifties and some years earlier and later was famed for its table. It was in the days when there were no game laws and when game was abundant. As soon as the weather permitted, game

was supplied in large quantities from the neighboring mountains, and the larder of the Phoenix Hotel was always furnished during the cold season with venison, pheasant, quail and an occasional wild turkey. The hotel was fortunate in having an exceptionally good cook, and its patrons from the city were regaled with game cooked to the "queen's taste". The landlord, Gilchrist, presided at table, did the carving for his guests and looked after their comfort. The dinner table was always supplied with two bottles of brandy for such use as the guests might care to make of them.

Is it any wonder that the hotel was known far and wide?

It may be stated as a general fact that in the early days the landlord of a hotel was apt to be a man of consequence and standing in the community. As a class they were generally respected and were often called to hold public office when it was a distinction to hold public office, as marking the esteem and respect and confidence in which one was held by his fellow citizens.

The mention of game leads me to say, with fond recollection of the good old days, that in the early years of my married life game was still abundant, and during several months of the year the farmers who supplied eggs and dairy products would also supply us with pheasants at fifty cents the pair.

The Wyoming Valley Hotel (where for some years I was a boarder), which succeeded the Phoenix, was opened for business in the spring of 1866 by the Messrs. Ward of Philadelphia and was conducted on the plane of a first class city hotel.

During the summer season, in the first few years of its existence, it was filled with summer visitors from the cities. An orchestra was maintained and dancing indulged in every evening and sometimes in the forenoon. Evidently the pace was a little too fast. After several years the Wards sold out to Mr. Stark, who thereafter conducted the house as a first-class business hotel, eliminating all the features of a

summer resort. After the erection of the Sterling, with all its modern appointments, the Wyoming Valley lost patronage, and, as already stated, was a few years ago demolished.

Summer gayety was not confined to the Wyoming Valley Hotel but was indulged in to a reasonable extent by the social set of the town. Occasional dances, picnic parties (sometimes on horseback) to Prospect Rock, to Bald Mountain, to Campbell's Ledge, to Harvey's Lake, were features of the summer in the olden time.

The regular summer hegira of the present day is in striking contrast to the habit of our people in this respect fifty and more years ago. Then, except for an occasional trip of short duration, the "good old summer time" was the season to remain here and to invite and entertain one's out-of-town friends. In very many of the homes guests were coming and going the whole season through, and to such young men, situated as I was, who were fortunate enough to have the entree of these homes, the summer was a delight and the experiences of those days remain a pleasant memory.

The social life in winter, as well as in summer, was the source of great enjoyment to all who participated. It involved comparatively little expense and was well suited to the rather narrow purses of the young men of the time. Formal dinners were of very rare occurrence and were confined to the older generation. A round of evening parties was usually given during the winter months, at which the viands served, with little variation, were cold turkey, fried oysters, chicken salad, coffee, cake and ice cream, all of the best quality and prepared with the greatest care in the house of the hostess by herself and her own domestics. The young men accompanied the young lady guests to and from their homes, but this did not involve the use of carriages or the providing of bouquets—there were no carriages to be hired and no florists to sell flowers, and if there had been the financial condition of the young beaux would

not have warranted the expense of either. As a matter of fact no young man of my acquaintance, with one possible exception, was the owner of a dress suit, and he almost never appeared in it. None of the young ladies at that time wore silk dresses, but they were arrayed in washable material called, I think, Swiss, adorned with a Roman sash, and I am quite sure that their appearance compared very favorably with the best dressed belle of the present time.

Cards were generally taboo. Dancing was commonly indulged in to the music of the piano played by one of the guests; but there was a prejudice against round dancing, so that this diversion was confined practically to the lancers, quadrilles, Virginia reel and what may be denominated square dances.

Once, and possibly twice, a year, during the winter months, the young men in return for the courtesies they had received arranged for a sleigh ride to Raub's Hotel at Mill Hollow, now Luzerne. Long sleighs, with seats on the sides, with straw in the bottom and plenty of buffalo robes accommodated the party, and two fiddlers and a cello supplied the music. The expense of all this, together with a turkey supper, amounted ordinarily to about three dollars a couple.

I recall my first acquaintance with champagne. The people of my native village were very straight-laced and what might be called total abstainers by nature. The use of any beverage stronger than cider was severely frowned upon, so that my knowledge of wine was merely by hearsay. I had only heard of champagne. At a party given by Mr. William L. Conyngham, at the home of his father, Judge Conyngham, in about the year 1863, I happened to be a guest, though much younger than the other gentlemen present. Champagne was served and I remember my surprise at its amber color. In my innocence I supposed all wine was red, having in mind the proverb "Look not upon the wine when it is red." However, I kept my surprise to

myself, drank my share of the champagne, asking no questions, finding it then and since agreeable to the taste, and because of its color not included in the ban of the proverb.

IX.

As before stated, Franklin street, until 1864, ended at South street. On the east side of the street, in the block from Northampton to South street, there were, as I recall, only six houses, none of which is standing now; all else on that side of the street was vacant land.

On the south corner of River and Northampton streets, on the site of the present Woodward house, was located the home of Colonel Zebulon Butler. Here, in 1786, Colonel Butler entertained as his guest Colonel Ethan Allen, who at the outset of the Revolutionary War in 1775, at the head of the Green Mountain boys of Vermont, appeared before the British strongholds, Ticonderoga and Crown Point on Lake Champlain and "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" demanded and received their surrender. Colonel Allen was known as an able and intrepid leader and came here upon the invitation of the Connecticut settlers with the view of leading a forcible resistance against the authority of Pennsylvania and the establishment of an independent State to be called Westmoreland. There was a division of sentiment among the settlers and the scheme was abandoned.

In the Butler house, on the 27th day of May, 1787, was organized the county of Luzerne, its courts established and its officials inducted into office, all under the supervision of Timothy Pickering, who had been specially appointed for the purpose by the State authorities. Among these officials was Colonel Butler's eldest son, Lord Butler, the first sheriff of Luzerne county, whose commission, bearing the signature of Benjamin Franklin, president of the executive council of the State, is still in existence and in the possession of his great grandson, Judge John Butler Woodward.

In the Act of Assembly, 25th September, 1786, erecting the county, it was given the name "Luzerne", in honor of the Chevalier de la Luzerne, minister from France to the United States, 1778-1783, and who, in 1780, when the Continental Army was in dire need, came to its relief by a pledge of his personal credit. Of this generous act grateful acknowledgment was made by Washington.

A large picture of the Chevalier de la Luzerne, believed to be a faithful likeness, is painted on the westerly wall of the corridor of the present court house near the entrance to the commissioners' office.

Some years before the beginning of the last century there was on River street, about midway between Northampton and South streets, the "Arndt Tavern". The tavern disappeared long long ago, and on part of its site is now located the residence of Mr. Darling.

Near sunset on a summer day in 1797 a small boat moored at the river's shore and three distinguished looking strangers debarked and sought lodging at the old tavern. The strangers, it transpired, were princes born in sunny France, Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, who later became King of the French, and his two brothers, Duke of Montpensier and Count Beaujolais, exiles compelled to leave their native land, then struggling in the throes of revolution. They were at the time on their return to Philadelphia from a visit to the French refugee settlement at Asylum, Bradford county, Pennsylvania. More than fifty years later, at an audience granted by the king to George Catlin, the Indian painter, who was a native of Wilkes-Barre, the king referred to his sojourn in America and incidentally to his visit to Asylum, and his stay overnight "at a little village named Wilkes-Barre," when Catlin, very much interested, exclaimed, "Why that was my native place."

George Catlin was a son of Putnam Catlin, one of the four attorneys admitted on the organization of the county in 1787, and was born in 1796 in a frame house on the east

side of Main street, a short distance below the Public Square, about where now stands the Simon Long store.

He was admitted to the Luzerne bar January 4, 1819, but soon abandoned the law to lead the life of an artist. He early developed a talent for portrait painting. Among others, he painted a portrait of Dolly Madison, in a turban, which has been many times reproduced; a portrait of Governor DeWitt Clinton, which hangs in the governor's room in the New York City Hall; portraits of Indian Chiefs Red Jacket and Black Hawk, painted in Washington. In 1828-30 Catlin painted the Constitutional Convention of Virginia in session at Richmond, embracing one hundred and fifteen figures—actual portraits of the most distinguished members. In 1832 he went among, and for some eight years remained among, the Indian tribes beyond the Mississippi river, where no white man had preceded him. He painted the portraits of nearly five hundred Indians and thus created an Indian portrait gallery, which he later exhibited in London and Paris, and, in fact, in all the leading capitals of Europe, where his gallery excited great interest and attention.

He related that on one occasion when exhibiting in Egyptian Hall, London, and the room was well filled with the nobility of England, his gallery was visited by a company of Ojibway Indians, whom another enterprising American had taken abroad for purposes of exhibition. Many of them were known to Catlin personally, he having spent considerable time in their tribe. When they arrived at Egyptian Hall, arrayed in their native costume, they greeted Catlin most effusively as an old friend, and when they discovered among the pictures the portrait of their chief, who was of the party, they gave the Indian whoop and joined in an Indian dance. The excitement, as may well be imagined, was intense and communicated itself to the English visitors. It proved a great advertisement for Catlin and removed any possible doubt of the genuineness of the portraits.

Of the Catlin gallery of Indian portraits, a considerable

number are now owned by the American Museum of Natural History in New York, but by far the greater number are owned by the Government of the United States and are on exhibition at the National Museum, Washington.

Catlin and my father were first cousins, their mothers being sisters.

X.

At the east corner of River and South streets was a large frame house erected more than a hundred years ago by Rosewell Welles, one of the four attorneys admitted to the bar on the formation of the county and the organization of the courts. It is said of him that he was an accomplished lawyer and a finished orator. His wife was the eldest daughter of Colonel Zebulon Butler, and his home was in its time one of the social centers of the town.

When I first knew the premises the house was in a dilapidated condition and the large lot surrounding it was utilized as a lumber yard, and the whole neighborhood was uninviting.

In this house was entertained as a guest Harman Blennerhasset, who, as was afterwards revealed, was on his way from a conference with Aaron Burr to his paradise of a home on an island in the Ohio river—into which paradise the serpent entered in the person of Burr, to the utter ruin of the too trustful proprietor and his family.

On this same lot in a log house, which preceded the Welles house, Colonel Nathan Denison, who was next in command to Colonel Zebulon Butler at the battle, July 3, 1778, was joined in marriage to Elizabeth Sill, the first marriage in Wyoming. Numerous descendants are found in a number of families of the valley—the Denisons, the Shoemakers, the Sharpes, and others. The site of the Welles house is now occupied by the handsome stone residence of our townsman, Mr. Fred M. Kirby.

One summer day, after a circus performance on the lower river common, I walked with another boy to South street

and entered an old frame building located midway between South River and West River streets on the present site of Mrs. Conyngham's conservatory. Through the old building was an open arch, and standing on a railroad track in the arch was a small car painted a bright red and about the size of an ordinary street car. I learned that this car made a daily trip to and from White Haven, being drawn by a pair of horses or mules to the foot of the planes at Coalville, now Ashley, and was thence taken up the planes to the top of the mountain and then by a small locomotive to White Haven, where it connected with the slack water navigation of the Lehigh river.

The old depot and the railroad tracks between South street and a point below Academy were removed many years ago, but the tracks still remaining below Academy street are in use as part of the railroad system of the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

At the north corner of Franklin and Northampton streets, on the present site of the First Presbyterian Church, was located a large and imposing brick mansion on ample grounds extending from Northampton street to the present Osterhout Library, the home of George M. Hollenback, who was the largest holder of city property and much the wealthiest citizen of his time.

Northampton street was sparsely built, but there were several buildings on the street having some special interest.

On the east corner of Franklin street, but fronting Northampton street, stood, until 1893, a small frame house which had for many years been the home of Jean Francois Dupuy, a French refugee, who with his daughters had escaped from the massacre of San Domingo, which followed the rising of the blacks in the year 1791, and had come to Wilkes-Barre in 1796.

I often saw his two daughters, who continued to live in the Dupuy house for some years after I became a resident here.

Dupuy was a native of Bordeaux, France, and in the reminiscences of Hon. Charles Miner—distinguished editor, legislator, congressman and historian—recently published by the Historical Society, he is referred to as a member of the National Convention that condemned Louis XVI.

In his last illness Dupuy was visited by Mr. Miner, who found him weak and listless and irresponsive to Mr. Miner's efforts to interest or encourage him. All else failing, Mr. Miner (who it seems had some musical talent) struck up the Marsellaise, which at once stirred a responsive chord in the old Frenchman. Rousing instantly, he sat up, his eye flashing fire, and, taking up the note, he made the room ring again.

It is rather an interesting coincidence that Dupuy, the representative of French democracy, was living here at the time of the visit of Louis Phillipe, the scion of French royalty.

Next the site of the Dupuy house there still stands on Northampton street, and has stood for more than a century, a rather modest frame house which as early as 1813 was owned and occupied by John Bannister Gibson, who was then the president judge of the courts of Luzerne and several adjoining counties, and who so remained until June, 1816, when he was elevated to the Supreme bench, where he served thirty-seven years and achieved great distinction as chief justice of the Commonwealth. He ranked with Chief Justice Marshall as one of the greatest judges of his time or of any time.

Judge Gibson's opinions were marvels of clearness and close reasoning and they did much to establish precedent and to settle the law in many important respects affecting the public welfare in the early days of the Commonwealth. One of his great decisions was on a question which seriously disturbed American politics—the power of the court to declare a legislative Act unconstitutional and therefore

void. A rather notable example of his terse and incisive style is found in Commonwealth v. Stauffer, 10 Pa. 350.

Judge Gibson was an accomplished violinist, and it was told me by his son, Colonel Gibson of the United States Army, that when his father was at work writing his opinions, he kept near at hand his violin, and at frequent intervals would take it up and play upon it for a short time and thus relieve the strain of work.

At the east corner of Northampton and Washington streets, and until very recent years in practically its original condition, was the "Old Fell Tavern", noted as being the place where on February 11, 1808, as the result of a successful experiment, anthracite coal was first burned in a grate by Associate Judge Jesse Fell, and its practical use for domestic purposes thus demonstrated. On the fiftieth anniversary of this event, and largely in commemoration of it, the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society was founded.

XI.

There were comparatively few buildings on Union street, and the same was true of Canal street.

On the westerly corner of Union and Franklin streets was a three-story frame building, the home of Andrew Beaumont until his death in 1853. He was a distinguished man in his day, and a prominent party leader who represented the district for several terms in the Federal Congress and held other offices of importance under both the Federal and State governments.

As early as 1840, and probably for some years earlier, the Democratic party in Luzerne county was divided into two factions, so nearly balanced in numbers that between the two factions, as well as between each faction and the Whig party, there was a difference of only a few hundred votes at any time, and in one notable contest a difference between the three of less than a hundred votes. Of the one faction Mr. Beaumont was the leader; the other faction was led

by Colonel Hendrick B. Wright. The Wright faction was dubbed by their opponents "The Bobtails", for some local reason, and they retaliated by calling the Beaumont faction "Copperheads".

In recent years, and, in fact, within a few months past, the origin of the term "Copperhead", as a political designation, has been a matter of newspaper discussion, but its application to the Beaumont faction of the Democratic party in this county more than seventy-five years ago, and continuing for a number of years, was without any manner of doubt the first use of the term "Copperhead" as a political epithet; and it long preceded the application of the term during the Civil War to such as were regarded as being sympathizers with the South.

For a short time after my arrival in Wilkes-Barre, in 1861, I boarded at the Exchange Hotel, kept by Major P., fronting on the easterly side of the Square, and recently remodeled as "The Fort Durkee". While the Major was a very good landlord, his education was of the most limited character, and I venture to think that he never read a book and very rarely a newspaper. To fill a vacancy, and much to his elation and the surprise of his acquaintances, he was elected major of the regiment of which Colonel Charles Dorrance, one of the substantial and prominent citizens of the valley was the head. The election was followed by a dinner at Helme's tavern, then a noted hostelry in Kingston. Seated alongside of the Major was one of Wilkes-Barre's wags (of whom the town boasted a number at the time). This waggish friend suggested to the Major that in all propriety the latter ought to propose the health of his colonel. After careful coaching by the friend, the Major arose, lifted his glass and proposed "the health of the pusillanimous Colonel Dorrance." This was met with an outburst that fairly raised the roof. Major P. was delighted with the manifest success of his toast, and beamed on all around. As soon as order was in some measure restored,

Colonel Dorrance arose, and with becoming dignity and grace of manner proposed the health of the ignoble Major P. This likewise provoked great merriment and applause, and again delighted the Major, who with radiant face bowed his acknowledgments to the colonel and to the diners.

Speaking of toasts calls to mind one current fifty years ago, offered by another citizen of Wilkes-Barre, who was very much pleased with his effort:

"Here is to water, emblem of its own eternity, enjoys its own prerogative."

I remained as a boarder at the Exchange Hotel only about a month, and then, with others, including Palmer, took board with a family that leased the house No. 220 North Main street and about three hundred feet above North street, owned at the time by Colonel Alexander Hamilton Bowman of the United States Army, who shortly before had been appointed superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, where his family soon followed him and where he remained during the Civil War and then returned to his Wilkes-Barre home. He continued here until the time of his death in the year 1865.

Colonel Bowman was a native of Wilkes-Barre and a distinguished army officer and engineer. Some years before the Civil War, by appointment of the war department, Colonel Bowman was assigned to the duty of constructing Fort Sumter on Sullivan's Island in Charleston harbor, a work which he accomplished to the great satisfaction of the United States Government. In this work he called to his aid Dr. Charles F. Ingham, another citizen of Wilkes-Barre, who very early in life abandoned the medical profession and became a civil engineer of high repute. The building of Fort Sumter may, therefore, be regarded, in a measure, as a Wilkes-Barrean enterprise, or rather, as a result of the engineering abilities of Wilkes-Barre citizens. It will be remembered that the bombardment of this Fort marked the beginning of the Civil War.

Colonel Bowman's house was located in extensive grounds, embracing some six acres. The house is still standing and of striking and attractive architecture. The neighborhood is now closely built up, but when I was an inmate of the house, in 1861-62, the surroundings and outlook were most attractive. The fertile Bowman, Bennett, Beaumont and Conyngham farms extended from North street to near Mill Creek, and included most of the territory now known as East End, traversed by Kidder street, Washington street and other streets and extending to Scott street, beyond which it was mostly woodland.

In a beautiful pine grove bordering on the easterly side of Scott street was seen a large brick house, the home of Oliver B. Hillard, the largest private residence in Wilkes-Barre. Mr. Hillard was for many years a successful shipping merchant of Charleston, South Carolina, doing an extensive business, and was a man of large fortune. Upon the invitation of his friend, Colonel Bowman, he visited Wilkes-Barre in the year 1846, and was so very favorably impressed with the business opportunities here that he severed his relation with the South and brought his family to Wilkes-Barre. He soon made his mark here as a successful business man and was recognized as one of the most enterprising and progressive citizens of the Wyoming Valley.

Scott street has always been the direct road to Parsons borough, about three miles distant from the Public Square. I remember hearing Captain Calvin Parsons, for whom the borough was named, read a very interesting paper some thirty years ago before the Historical Society, wherein he recounted considerable early history and gave an account of the establishment by his father at an early date of a woolen mill on the waters of Laurel Run, at what is now Parsons, and the erection of their dwelling house and several other houses for employes of the mill. He stated that in his boyhood most of the land between Wilkes-Barre and

Parsons was virgin forest; that panthers and wolves roamed about, and that on one occasion after his father had started on a business trip to Philadelphia his mother was awakened at the dead of night by the howling of the wolves in the immediate neighborhood of their house. In a good deal of alarm she aroused her children, but fortunately, for her peace of mind, one of her neighbors, an employe in the mill, arrived with his loaded rifle. He advised the building of a large fire in the fireplace. This was quickly done. The outer doors were thrown open and in the firelight of the blazing logs could be distinctly seen numerous wolves and their flashing eyes among the trees. They soon scampered off, to everybody's relief.

It is interesting to consider that in the span of the life of one man, well known to many of us and living not many years ago, there could have come such differing conditions of life in this immediate neighborhood—the comforts and conveniences and safety of these modern days as contrasted with the lack of most of these; the hardships and the lurking dangers of his early youth.

At the easterly corner of Union and Franklin streets, in a large white house, replaced by the syndicate block of brick dwellings, lived Thomas Burnside, a native of Ireland, who succeeded Judge Gibson on the bench of this county in 1816 and served as president judge two years.

He was in 1845 appointed to the Supreme Court of the State and remained on the bench of that court for six years and obtained the reputation of a judge of strong common sense and substantial legal acquirements.

Judge Burnside was a man of sturdy character and strong mentality, but was also notably careless in his dress, and extremely plain of countenance, with a great beak of a nose. It was said of him that he was so homely that he had to rise from his bed every night at midnight to rest his face. He was, nevertheless, personally popular with all

classes—with men and women as well. Judge Burnside's home was in Bellefonte, Centre county, to which place he returned on leaving Wilkes-Barre in 1818. In the same town lived Judge Huston, who was on the bench of the Supreme Court for some twenty years—the immediate predecessor of Judge Burnside in the same court. Judge Huston, unlike Judge Burnside, was a man most precise in manner and dress and careful of his appearance.

These two judges married sisters. Although they were of the same profession, and both served in judicial office, and were neighbors and brothers-in-law, yet for some unknown reason they cordially disliked each other, and for some years were not even on speaking terms. It is related that Judge Burnside became alarmingly ill, and it being his first experience of that kind, like many men under similar circumstances he was himself convinced, and he convinced his family, that he could not recover. A conference of the two families was held, and it was felt by all that it would be a most regrettable state of affairs if the enmity between the two judges should continue until they were separated by death. The two sisters labored to persuade their respective husbands, the one to make and the other to receive advancements looking to a reconciliation. It was finally arranged, and the dignified and precise Judge Huston made his call at the sick room of Judge Burnside, one of the plain—indeed, very plain—people. All left the room except a son of Judge Burnside, who remained and later reported the result of the meeting. Judge Huston approached the bedside and in rather a set tone formally greeted Judge Burnside, who in view of his near departure hastened to make confession and said:

"Judge Huston, I have been a very bad man and a very wicked man; I swear some and drink too much, and altogether am a very wicked man."

Judge Huston was quick to respond and answered with marked promptness:

"Judge Burnside, you say truly that you have been a very bad man and a very wicked man." He got no further. He too readily assented to Judge Burnside's confessed declaration. The latter raised himself from the pillow, doubled his fist and shaking it in the face of Judge Huston, with emphasis exclaimed: "You are a damned old liar and I will live to fight you yet." He was as good as his word, and for some ten years more their enmity continued and the fight went merrily on.

For some years, and, perhaps, for all the years between 1840 and 1850, the Burnside house, corner of Franklin and Union streets, was owned and occupied by Joseph P. Le Clerc, a nephew of the General Le Clerc, who was one of Napoleon's generals and the husband of Pauline Bonaparte.

XII.

The State canal, long since abandoned, extended from the waters of the Chesapeake to New York State, following the north branch of the Susquehanna river, and afforded for many years the principal facilities for the transportation of coal and freight. The canal passed through Wilkes-Barre just east of Canal street, now Pennsylvania avenue, and at a short distance above Union street turned practically at a right angle to the river.

Bridges, at considerable elevation, sufficient to clear the boats, crossed the canal at all street intersections.

The site of a large canal basin for the collection and storage of boats is now occupied by the court house and court house grounds at the head of the river common. The passenger station and station grounds of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company occupy the site of another large canal basin, the immediate neighborhood of which was low and marshy grounds, later filled in with culm and mine refuse, especially between Canal street and Baltimore street. In excavating for the city sewer on Canal street, some thirty years ago, the workmen, at a depth of seven feet or more, uncovered a causeway or corduroy road of logs.

OLD SHIP ZION.

This general survey of the old borough applies in the main to conditions as they were in the late forties and during the fifties, with few changes until after the Civil War.

Wilkes-Barre in some of its customs and modes of life, as well as in appearance, recalled to a certain extent the New England village of the time. Every night at nine o'clock for many years the bell in the steeple of "Old Ship Zion," on the Public Square, was rung by "Old Michael," the town constable and a town character, as a reminder both to young and old, but especially to the young, that it was time to be indoors; and after that hour very few, either young or old, were to be seen on the streets of the old town.

As a rule Sunday was strictly observed. Except for attendance at church and Sunday school, members of the family rarely left the home premises, and it was not considered good form to drive or walk abroad or make social calls on one's friends or neighbors. Sunday newspapers were unheard of and would not have been tolerated. All streets were unpaved and were either muddy or dusty the greater part of the year. Sidewalks were sadly lacking. There were some of stone flagging, but more of plank or coal ashes. The residents were dependent on wells for their water supply until 1860, in which year water was introduced from Laurel Run, and as a result bathrooms were soon after installed in many of the residences. Gas was first supplied in 1856.

As late as 1850, and, perhaps, somewhat later, the usual mode of travel to the cities of New York and Philadelphia was by the stage coach, which left the Phoenix Hotel at half past three o'clock in the morning, traveling over what is now called Giants Despair, thence on the old Easton and Wilkes-Barre turnpike (opened for travel in 1806) through Bear Creek and Stoddartsville, and over the Poconos, reaching Easton (weather and road conditions permitting) in time for supper. Next day passengers reached their destinations. A few years later railroad communications were established

and the stage became a thing of the past. Even so, at first and for a considerable time, one passenger train a day and a maximum speed of twenty miles an hour was the standard of railroad travel.

In this connection it may be stated that for some five or six months of the year, during the fifties, a pleasant mode of travel for persons bound down the river was by means of the packet boats on the canal, which operated daily between Wilkes-Barre and Northumberland and there made connection for Harrisburg. Three horses hitched tandem, and with relays every fifteen miles, were driven on a round trot and made the distance of sixty miles in a day.

Notwithstanding the lack of some of the conveniences of later days there was an indefinable something in the life of the old town that gave to it a charm all its own. So strong was the home tie that all who from force of circumstances were led to change their place of residence carried away with them an affection for the place and its people which neither time nor distance could displace. One's acquaintance took in a great part of the population, but the old families were in the ascendancy.

Their sons and their daughters were given the advantage of college or seminary training and the high reputation of Wilkes-Barre as an enlightened and cultivated community was ever fostered and maintained.

The distinguished editor of the Philadelphia "North American," on his return from a visit to Wilkes-Barre in 1858 fitly wrote:

"In beauty, fertility and mineral wealth; in the enterprise, refinement and intelligence of the inhabitants; in all that contributes to render a community happy, prosperous and respected, Wilkes-Barre and its environs are perhaps unequalled; and I have visited no place in the course of my wandering in which my sojourn was more pleasant and from which I brought away more favorable impressions."

XIII.

In September, 1860, I entered the law office of Samuel Sherrerd at Scranton, a town which had rapidly grown from a population of a few hundred to a population of over nine thousand.

At that time Lackawanna, Wyoming and Penn avenues were the principal highways of the town. Many of the lots on Penn avenue were quite thickly wooded. Lackawanna avenue was built up compactly on its northern side, but the lower side, from Adams avenue westerly, was vacant land. The hill part of Scranton, now a beautiful residential section, was farm land embracing the Hitchcock farm and other farms. The site of the court house was a bog pond and afforded good skating in winter. During my stay in Scranton I boarded at the Wyoming House, located on the northeast corner of Lackawanna and Wyoming avenues, which was a large brick structure erected in the early fifties, and was much superior in its appointments to any other hotel in the region. Prior to its demolition, about the year 1896, it had a well established and well deserved reputation for the character of the service rendered its patrons.

After some six months in Mr. Sherrerd's office, that is to say, March 5, 1861 (and being just about a month before the bombardment of Fort Sumter and the beginning of the Civil War), I came to Wilkes-Barre, then a town having a population of four thousand two hundred and fifty-six, and entered the office of the prothonotary of the county, David L. Patrick, where was already installed as a clerk, Henry W. Palmer. We served together until August, when Palmer married and opened a law office.

Meantime, because of the war, the business of the prothonotary's office was very much lessened, and the prothonotary retired to his farm in Abington and remained away until the late fall.

After Palmer's departure and until the November court I did the entire clerical work of the office. I kept all the dock-

cts, entered all judgments, issued all processes, made all searches, prepared all certified copies of the records, although the county of Luzerne then embraced the present county of Lackawanna. The office hours were not limited to eight hours but were from eight o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night, and the pay at first was seventy-five cents per day, which a little later was increased to one dollar. The pay was small, but truth requires me to say that board was only three dollars per week.

The experience was a most valuable one and gave me an early knowledge of practice which otherwise I would have been long in acquiring.

About December 1, 1861, I left the prothonotary's office and went to Albany, New York, and entered the Albany Law School, which was one of the first law schools of the country and reckoned a faculty of commanding ability, including the Hon. Ira Harris, formerly a justice of the Supreme Court, at the time United States Senator from New York; the Hon. Amasa J. Parker, who also had been a judge and was one of the most prominent lawyers of the State; Amos Dean, who was a distinguished lawyer and a law author of high reputation.

Among my classmates at Albany was William H. Holt, who became chief justice of Kentucky, a State of which it used to be said that the corn was full of kernels and the colonels full of corn. Another classmate was Joseph H. Manley of Maine, who became very prominent in national politics, was a member of the Republican national committee and Blaine's political manager.

In the winter of 1862 it was my good fortune to hear argued, in part, before the Court of Appeals of New York, sitting at Albany, the Parish will case, which at the time attracted much attention on the part of the lawyers throughout the State. I cannot recall the questions involved nor do I suppose that I felt any special interest in them at the time, but what did interest me was the array of great lawyers of

national repute who took part in the argument—Charles O'Conor, William M. Evarts, John K. Porter, John W. Edmunds and Alexander S. Johnston. To listen to them was in itself an education. Never since have I witnessed a combination of equal legal talent, except in the cases against the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad argued before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania at its session at Wilkes-Barre, in June, 1866, as hereafter related in this paper.

During my sojourn in Albany, say in January and February, 1862, when our Civil War had been less than a year in progress, I was fortunate in hearing several noted speakers discuss war topics, the most distinguished of whom was Edward Everett. He was touring the principal cities of the country in an effort to stimulate public sentiment in favor of a hearty support of the Lincoln administration and a vigorous prosecution of the war, just as now frequent oratorical appeals are made in behalf of an active and zealous support of the government in the present war with Germany. After more than fifty-five years I can remember little more than the impression made upon his audience by his wealth of diction and his oratorical power, but I can distinctly recall the closing sentences of his peroration wherein he appealed to all to:

"Come with heart and hand, come with sword and gun;
Come as the winds come when forests are rended;
Come as the waves come when navies are stranded;
Come old men and matrons, come young men and maidens,
Come one, come all."

Delivered with great fervor, the effect was electric and fairly carried the audience off its feet.

XIV.

I remained in Albany until May, 1862, and was on May 6, upon examination in open court, admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the State of New York. After leaving

Albany I returned to Wilkes-Barre and entered the law office of Stanley Woodward, who later became judge.

Upon examination and on motion of Mr. Woodward I was admitted to the bar of Luzerne county on November 10, 1862, and opened a law office on Franklin street, below Market, in the one-story brick row of four offices then newly erected, and the serious problem that confronted me for a considerable time was to earn and collect sufficient fees to meet the demand for office rent and board.

All the law offices of that day and for years thereafter were very plain affairs and for the most part in one-story buildings, generally of frame and having no more than two rooms—not a picture on the walls, not a carpet or even matting on the floor, equipped with one or sometimes two cast-iron stoves, one or two wooden spittoons filled with ashes or sawdust, a cheap table with some pigeon holes, and cheap chairs and cheap bookcases to accommodate a few textbooks and the ninety-five volumes of State Reports—all that were then issued. In fact, any room and any furniture were considered good enough for a law office. When it is considered that nearly half the waking hours of the busy lawyer are spent in his office, there is every reason why it should correspond somewhat to the character of his home. The modern law office in the modern office building fairly meets this requirement.

The routine work in the law office of the former days differed very materially from the present time. There were no stenographers and typewriters; all letters, all deeds, bonds and mortgages, all papers connected with litigation, including praecipes, declarations, pleas, affidavits, and briefs were laboriously written out in long hand, and oftentimes copies as well.

At the time of my admission and for some years later there were but four terms of court, namely, in the months of January, April, August and November, and were presided

over by Hon. John N. Conyngham, who was at the time the only law judge in the county, and whose distinguished judicial career covered a period of about thirty years. As part of the court, and associated with the president judge, were two laymen known as associate judges. The office of associate judge was considered a highly honorable one and was bestowed on substantial business men of high character and of prominence in the community by appointment of the governor until 1851, and thereafter by popular election. The term of office of the last associate judge in this county expired in 1876.

The duties of associate judges were not arduous, the usual function being to keep silent and look wise, but on occasion they took part in the routine business of the court, such as the granting of liquor licenses, the laying out and vacating of roads, the various appointments of the court, and all other matters requiring the exercise of good business judgment rather than legal acumen. Nevertheless, the two associates, when acting together, were clothed with large judicial powers, even to the overruling of the president judge—which power they almost never exercised; but I recall two notable instances, one happening before my time, where Judge Conyngham, for rather technical reasons, was in favor of granting a new trial to one convicted of a felony, but the associates insisted that the conviction was a righteous one, and, brushing all technical difficulties aside, overruled the president judge and sentenced the prisoner to the State penitentiary.

The other instance was many years later and of which I was a witness, when the two associates in open court and without any intimation, and to the great surprise and indignation of President Judge Harding, revoked his appointment of a commissioner to take testimony in a contested election case and substituted an appointee of their own selection. The court room was filled at the time. The action of the associate judges was wholly unexpected and created

great excitement. Judge Harding was greatly angered and delivered himself in vigorous English from the bench in his comments on the conduct of his associates.

XV.

At the present day the business of this populous county is so great that our courts, composed of six law judges, are in almost continuous session, and a term of court is therefore a commonplace affair; but up to say 1865 there were but four terms of court in the year and these usually of short duration. There were few public entertainments of any kind, and the sitting of court was a notable event in the life of the town, and the sessions of the criminal court especially were often attended by citizens who came to hear the lawyers talk. It was an occasion made something of a social affair when some especially interesting case was on trial and ladies availed themselves of the opportunity to attend. Forensic cratory was in favor and quite the fashion, and it is safe to assume that on such occasions the lawyers, rather flattered by the attendance, often addressed themselves about as much to their appreciative audience as to the court and jury.

In the diary of a young Philadelphian (in part recently read before our Historical Society) who visited Wilkes-Barre in August, 1840, he says:

"I should like to remain here another day, as the ladies were telling me that there will be a general turnout of the Wilkes-Barre girls to-morrow—they having determined to visit the court 'en masse' to hear a lawyer of the name of Woodward address the jury in behalf of four men on trial for murder."

The Woodward referred to was George W. Woodward, at the time a young lawyer thirty-one years of age. He had already achieved distinction at the bar, and when only twenty-eight years of age, as senatorial delegate representing several counties, including Luzerne, had taken a leading

part in the convention of 1837-38 that framed the Constitution of the State.

In 1845, while he was the president judge of the Fourth Judicial District, he headed a delegation of Pennsylvanians that called on President Polk and acted as spokesman. There happened at the time to be a vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States and President Polk was so impressed by Judge Woodward, who was then only thirty-six years old, that the President of his own motion sent in Judge Woodward's name to the Senate to fill the vacancy on the Supreme bench. Confirmation was defeated by Judge Woodward's unrelenting political enemy, Senator Simon Cameron.

It is fair to say that notwithstanding Senator Cameron's strong political animosity he maintained for Judge Woodward great personal respect and on the occasion of the latter's funeral the Senator made the journey from Washington to Wilkes-Barre in order to be present.

When less than forty-four years of age Judge Woodward became a member of the Supreme Court of this State, where he served for fifteen years and retired in 1867 as chief justice of Pennsylvania.

He was the father of the late Judge Stanley Woodward and grandfather of the present Judge J. Butler Woodward.

When I came to the bar the character of the litigation differed materially from that of the present day.

A proceeding in equity was of very rare occurrence. Chancery jurisdiction to a limited extent was first conferred on the Courts of Common Pleas throughout the State by Act of Assembly approved June 16, 1836. Some twenty years later the jurisdiction was enlarged and general chancery jurisdiction conferred on the courts by Act of February 14, 1857, but until the adoption in 1865 by our Supreme Court of the present equity rules—greatly simplifying, and, in fact, revolutionizing equity practice—a suit in equity was

so prolix, involved such technical structure of the bill, answer, and all pleadings, the framing of interrogatories and cross interrogatories, etc., the prolonged delays in reaching a final decree, and the large expense attendant upon the same, that such suit was almost never resorted to. To be a successful chancery solicitor required special study and training, such as was the privilege of very few lawyers or even judges, and the consequence was that a suit in equity found little favor with the court or with the members of the bar generally.

Litigation, therefore, was practically confined to the law side of the court, and at that time suits involving land titles, trespass to real estate, actions founded on contracts, commercial paper, claims on book accounts, etc., occupied the greater part of the time of the civil court; accident cases and suits growing out of the mining of coal (which now constitute so large a part of the business of the courts) were few in number. This change is doubtless due (1) to the fact that land titles are very generally well settled and a controversy about the same is most unusual; (2) because the system of credit in business is upon a different basis and claims growing out of the same are less open to dispute, and (3) due to the great increase in population and multiplied activities in railroad, mining, and manufacturing enterprises.

The bar of Luzerne county, as a whole, from early times, was known throughout the State and was recognized as of marked ability—the members ready and able to meet their adversaries in any forum.

This county contributed Justices George W. Woodward and Warren J. Woodward to the bench of the Supreme Court; Garrick Mallery, a very distinguished lawyer, to the bench of Berks and Northampton counties; Oristus Collins to the bench of Lancaster county; Luther Kidder to the bench of Schuylkill and Carbon counties; Winthrop W. Ketcham to the United States District Court for the West-

ern District of Pennsylvania; Charles E. Rice as president judge of the Superior Court, and Henry M. Hoyt to the governorship of Pennsylvania. The professional career of each of these eminent lawyers prior to his advancement was at the Luzerne bar.

At the time of my own admission the number of lawyers resident at the county seat did not exceed forty as against about three hundred at the present time, and of these forty I think I am safe in saying that not more than about one-half the number engaged actively in the trial of cases.

Of all these, Mr. Alexander Farnham alone survives.

XVI.

Judge John N. Conyngham was a native of Philadelphia and studied law in the office of that famous lawyer, Joseph R. Ingersoll. Very soon after his admission to the Philadelphia bar he came to Wilkes-Barre and was admitted to the bar of Luzerne county April 3, 1820, and was appointed to the bench in 1839. For more than twenty-five years he was the only law judge in this judicial district, and during all the time that he served on the bench he held a commanding position in the judiciary of the State. He was a man of striking appearance—tall, erect, of large stature and dignified bearing and looked every inch the judge. The judicial office was held in highest respect, and this respect extended in marked degree to the man who filled it. When Judge Conyngham walked from his home to the court house all whom he met on the way showed becoming deference. On the bench, his treatment of counsel, suitors and witnesses was always courteous and considerate and he brought to the discharge of his judicial duties great learning and unremitting industry.

While he bore himself with rather grave dignity, under it all he had a very tender heart. He showed great depression when engaged in the trial of a homicide case and at

such times was silent and uncommunicative even in his family. It is recalled then when passing sentence upon James Cadden, convicted of murder in the first degree and executed in March, 1849, Judge Conyngham showed much more emotion than the prisoner himself; the tears coursing down his checks as he pronounced the sentence of the law.

He was the acknowledged leader of the bar at the time of his elevation to the bench in 1839. Here he served until the summer of 1870, with the exception of the years 1850 and 1851, up to which time all judges were appointed by the governor of the State.

He was a Democrat in politics, but while on the bench took no active part in political controversies. Notwithstanding this neutral position, the Whig Governor, Johnson, refused to re-appoint him upon the expiration of his first term in 1849. Great indignation on the part of the bar and of the people of the county as well was felt because of the governor's action. A proposed amendment to the State Constitution making the judges elective was already pending.

Judge Conyngham and Andrew Beaumont were sent to the Assembly, and due to the arbitrary action of Governor Johnson, as well as to like action by the preceding governor in a similar case happening in the Indiana-Armstrong Judicial District, the proposed amendment was approved by the two houses of the Legislature and adopted by a vote of the people. In the fall of 1851 Judge Conyngham was triumphantly elected, practically without opposition, to again fill the position of president judge, and so continued, as already stated, until the summer of 1870, when he resigned.

Fifty years ago, that is to say, late in June, 1867, Judge Conyngham was kind enough to invite me to join him and Mrs. Conyngham, Miss Conyngham, afterwards the wife of Bishop Stevens, Miss Beaumont and Miss Woodward, later Mrs. E. A. Hancock, in a visit of a few weeks to the Adirondacks. After four days' travel, including one day's drive of

fifty miles from Lake Champlain, we arrived at Paul Smith's, on the lower St. Regis Lake, on either the fifth or sixth day of July, where we remained between two and three weeks. During this month of July, 1867, we were the only guests at Paul Smith's, and not another human habitation was to be found on any of the neighboring lakes, other than guides' houses and cabins for huntsmen. Now and for many years Paul Smith's and the whole Adirondack region have been thronged with thousands of summer visitors.

By the way, Smith's name was originally not Paul, but "Apollo" (although he was anything rather than an Apollo in appearance). This name the natives corrupted into "Pol" and later the patrons of his house improved upon it by substituting "Paul", and Paul it has been these many years.

Almost every day during our stay at Paul Smith's I accompanied the judge on short fishing excursions. Trout were abundant within a mile of the house in all the streams entering the lake, and in a very short time we would return with well-filled baskets. The judge was most friendly and companionable and even intimately communicative. He told me much of his early life; of his early contemporaries at the bar and I remember particularly his saying that Rosewell Welles and John Evans were men of marvelous eloquence. He also told me of the reasons that led him to leave his native Philadelphia and come to Wilkes-Barre. He stated that the Philadelphia Bank had for some years maintained a branch here, but had concluded to discontinue it, and that very soon after his admission the bank engaged him to come here to collect all outstanding claims and close up the business; that it took considerably more time than was contemplated, and that soon a year or more had elapsed; that meantime he had formed friendships here and extended his acquaintanceship, but more than all he had become interested in Miss Butler, whom he later married; that these combined influences induced him to remain here and cast in his

lot with this community. And here he remained so long as he lived.

On several occasions before the Adirondack visit Judge Conyngham manifested friendship for me, but the daily contact during those few weeks in July, 1867, led to a certain degree of intimacy—that is, such intimacy as is possible between a young man and one more than forty years his senior. After he retired from the bench I represented him, at his request, in several confidential business matters rather closely affecting his own and his family's interests.

Upon Judge Conyngham's retirement from the bench, when near seventy-two years of age, the bar tendered him a dinner, August 4, 1870, at the Wyoming Valley Hotel, very largely attended, and at the same time they presented him a silver service in recognition of the esteem and affection in which he was universally held.

In February, 1871, Judge Conyngham left home to visit his son, Lieutenant Colonel John B. Conyngham, who was ill at an army post in Texas. On his way there he was fatally injured in a railroad accident and died the same night in a small town in Mississippi.

When the news of his death reached here a hush fell on the whole town. The community was stirred and shocked as never before by the death of any citizen. He was universally mourned and lamented, and on the occasion of his funeral thousands came from far and near, filling the church and the adjacent street and lining the sidewalks leading to the cemetery more than a mile away.

Note.—I have recently come across a copy of the menu of the lavish dinner served by the management of the Wyoming Valley Hotel August 4, 1870, upon the occasion of the retirement of Judge Conyngham from the bench, and in view of the rather restricted diet of all functions in these present war days, I here insert it for the contemplation of those who sigh for the old days of peace and plenty:

WYOMING VALLEY HOTEL, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1868.

(From Oscar J. Harvey's "History of Wilkes-Barre and Wyoming Valley.")

MENU.

Soups—Green turtle and vermicelli a l'Italienne.

Fish—Boiled lake trout with lobster sauce and baked salmon with wine sauce.

Boiled—Turkeys with egg sauce, chickens with giblet sauce, leg of mutton with caper sauce, sugar cured hams, beef tongues, pressed corn beef, beef a la mode.

Entrees—Compotes of pigeons garnished with olives, sweetbreads with tomato sauce, tenderloin of beef garnished with mushrooms, frogs a l'Anglaise, ducks garnished with turnips, broiled spring chickens a la maitre d'hotel, lamb chops breaded, soft shell crabs with cream dressing.

Roasts—Turkeys with cranberry sauce, spring chickens, spring ducks, green goose with apple sauce, ribs of beef, shoulder of veal stuffed; spring lamb with mint sauce.

Game—Prairie grouse, snipe, lake plover, prairie partridge, reed birds on toast, wild ducks with current jelly.

Relishes—Olives, cucumbers, gherkins, tomatoes, sardines, pickled oysters.

Vegetables—Potatoes, beans, cabbage, beets, corn, hominy, egg plant, squash, onions, rice, tomatoes.

Pastry—Pumpkin, custard, blackberry and applie pie, marble, fruit, citron, pound, lady and currant cake, champagne, orange and current jelly.

Desert—Pyramids of macaroons, kisses and fruit, vanilla and pineapple ice cream, peaches, grapes, pineapples, apples, watermelon, pecan nuts, walnuts, filberts, almonds, raisins, French coffee.

Wine—Champagne.

Ex-Judge Oristus Collins (admitted April 8, 1819) was the oldest member of the bar. He was a striking figure, considerably above the average height, very erect, long white hair, deep-toned voice, and withal of venerable appearance. He was already fully seventy-two years of age, and came rarely into court, but for a year or two more he occasionally took part in the trial of a case. He had returned to Wilkes-Barre in 1839 and resumed practice after serving over two years as president judge of the courts of Lancaster county. He was a man of resolute character and rather austere countenance, but had nevertheless a very decided vein of

humor. On one occasion, in the early days of the bar association, he remarked to Judge Conyngham in court "that he had just visited the law library and had painfully observed the absence of a volume which was the fountain of legal principles," whereupon he drew from its concealment a copy of the Bible and begged the Court's acceptance of it from him as a gift to the library then being formed.

Judge Collins was for some fifty years a ruling elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Wilkes-Barre and a rather extreme Calvinist in his religious faith, with little tolerance for Catholicism. He was of the spirit, if not of the blood, of the old Scotch Covenanter who, in his daily prayers, besought the Lord for "the downfall of pope and prelacy."

At a mid-week church service as early as 1864 (during the pastorate of Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander Hodge, who later became the distinguished theological professor at Princeton), Dr. Hodge in his discourse stated that "the Catholic system of religion is one of the most logical systems of religion the world has ever known." The venerable old elder would not allow this statement to go unchallenged and immediately arose, and in his deep and impressive tone of voice, said: "I would like to know what you mean by a statement like that." Dr. Hodge promptly accepted the challenge and said: "If you allow the premises, which I do not, but if you allow the premises everything else in the system of the Catholic religion will logically follow. It is a system of religion absolutely consistent with itself, and it is therefore a logical system." He further elaborated this idea for some five minutes, meanwhile Judge Collins standing and the congregation awaiting the outcome with great interest. At its conclusion Judge Collins said: "the explanation is satisfactory," and took his seat, whereupon the regular services were resumed. This incident made something of a sensation and created some discussion among us after the services were concluded. Judge Collins lived to the advanced age of ninety-two years.

HENDRICK B. WRIGHT (admitted November 8, 1831) rounded out a half century at the Luzerne bar and was especially successful before the jury.

In the latter years of his life he came rather infrequently into court, but when he did come he brought with him all his old time vigor and aggressive eloquence, and was on all occasions a most formidable antagonist.

He was a man of particularly fine presence and address; had exceptional power as a public speaker, and his sway over the jury was phenomenal.

In the trial of a case he was ready and resourceful, seemed never disconcerted, and generally found a way to meet the unexpected happenings that so frequently develop in the progress of a law suit.

On one occasion, at the conclusion of the evidence in the case on trial, opposing counsel submitted points of law which he requested the Court to embody in the charge to the jury. The judge asked Colonel Wright if he desired to submit any points, whereupon he answered, with almost dramatic manner, "Points, your Honor, points, what care I for points? These twelve honest men in the jury box are my points,"—and so they proved.

In a suit involving the title to a valuable triangular piece of land, the controversy resolved itself into a contest between one line run by a transit and another by a compass. Colonel Wright, for the defendant, contended for the correctness of the line established by the compass. The jury was composed mostly of farmers beyond middle life, somewhat familiar with the compass in the survey of their own farms, but with little, if any, knowledge of a transit. The Colonel was quick to see in this his advantage, and in his address to the jury he made his chief attack on the transit. Among other things he said: "And then the plaintiff put on the stand a dapper young man who admitted that he surveyed the disputed line with a transit. In God's name, who ever heard of a transit! A compass was good enough to

survey your father's farm and mine, but some day a smart young man will appear with a *transit* and attempt to rob you of your land. Moreover, the compass and *not* the transit is mentioned in Holy Writ. Let me read you from the account of Paul's journey to Rome in the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles: 'And landing at Syracuse we tarried three days and from thence we fetched a *compass* and came to Rhegium.'"

After that it was idle for plaintiff's counsel to argue that the transit was the more accurate instrument. The jury was persuaded that a transit was an infernal instrument designed to rob one of his land, and being of an orthodox turn of mind the members of the jury were further influenced by the fact that the compass was recognized by the Bible, and they promptly returned a verdict for the defendant.

Of course, so far as the argument was founded on the scripture account, it ignored the fact that it could not possibly have been a land compass that was referred to, nor yet a mariner's compass—which had not then been invented. Obviously the word compass was used in the sense of encompass, as though the passage read "we fetched (or made) a circuit," etc.

However, the biblical account served Colonel Wright's purpose, and illustrates his readiness in the use of any available weapon.

He had a great power of ridicule, a great fund of humor, and a contagious laugh in which the jury often joined, presaging danger to his opponent.

It was often remarked by Judge Stanley Woodward, who had been a number of times opposed to him, that Colonel Wright laughed more cases out of court than the average lawyer won after most careful preparation.

It was declared that he never lost a cause that he deserved to win, and I think it may be added that he sometimes won when he deserved to lose.

In the years 1841-42 and '43 Colonel Wright represented this county in the Legislature, and in his last year was Speaker of the House.

In the years 1852-61-76 and '78 he was elected to Congress, where he at once took a prominent position.

In 1844 he presided over the National Convention at Baltimore that nominated James K. Polk for the presidency.

I think that what may be reckoned Colonel Wright's greatest public service and a service to his everlasting honor was the legislative session of 1841, when as one of the leaders of the House he stood by Governor Porter and successfully fought the attempt to repudiate the payment of interest on the State debt. Due largely to his efforts the public credit was preserved and the State saved from disgrace.

Volney L. Maxwell (admitted November 11, 1831) was distinctively an office lawyer and appeared in court occasionally to make a motion or present some application, but only once after my admission do I remember his engaging in the trial of a case. He was Judge Conyngham's law partner at the time of the latter's appointment to the bench. Mr. Maxwell had a substantial clientage and was most careful and painstaking in his practice.

He had a quiet humor, so quiet, however, that it often lay dormant for some twenty-four hours, that is to say, if you told him a joke the chances were that he would show no appreciation of it at the time, but if you happened to meet him next day you might find him convulsed with laughter over the joke of the day before.

Mr. Maxwell was a man of high standing among his fellow men and commanded their respect and esteem.

Caleb E. Wright (admitted August 9, 1833), almost immediately after his admission here, settled in Doylestown, Bucks county. He was appointed by Governor Wolf district attorney of Bucks county, and remained at the bar of

that county until 1853, when he returned to Wilkes-Barre. He very soon acquired a lucrative practice here and was active in the courts. Mr. Wright was a ready speaker, very self-contained and apt at repartee. He was counted among the successful lawyers at the bar. He was one of the representatives of Luzerne county in the State Constitutional Convention of 1873. Mr. Wright was the author of several works of fiction of decided merit, mostly founded on local events. In the year 1876 he retired from the practice of law and removed again to Doylestown, where he remained until his death.

Andrew T. McClintock (admitted August 8, 1836) gave more years to the continuous practice of law than any other member of the Luzerne bar.

Up to the age of seventy-five he appeared regularly in court, and for the remaining seven years of his life he rarely missed a day at his law office.

His practice was mostly as chief counsel for the principal corporations of the county. He brought to the practice of his profession a remarkably clear judgment and a profound knowledge of law, and he commanded the universal respect of the Court, his fellow-members of the bar and the community. At the time of my admission he was recognized as the leader of the bar. Mr. McClintock afforded an example to all young lawyers, inasmuch as he was never tempted from the assiduous pursuit of his profession by the offer of public office, or even of judicial preferment.

When, in 1867, an Act of Assembly gave to Luzerne county an additional law judge, lawyers and laymen alike and by a common instinct turned to Mr. McClintock and persistently urged him to accept the place. Members of the bar with absolute unanimity and leading business men in large numbers all pledged him their support. Nothing, however, could move him from his chosen path. While thanking his friends for their flattering support, he declared: "I am

averse to public life and greatly prefer the bar to the bench." In 1870 Princeton University conferred on Mr. McClintock the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Within a few years after the adoption of the present State Constitution many public men were convinced that in certain respects it needed careful revision, and the Legislature of 1877 authorized the appointment of a commission for the purpose.

The Governor, after full consideration and consultation with his advisers, appointed Mr. McClintock, together with Daniel Agnew, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Henry W. Williams, a Justice of the Supreme Court, Samuel E. Dimmick, Attorney General of the Commonwealth, Benjamin Harris Brewster, later Attorney General of the United States, and William H. Playford, a member of the State Senate, as such commission.

These men were all eminent lawyers, and Mr. McClintock was regarded as the peer of any one of them.

The work of the commission was well and most carefully performed, and in due time their report, embodying recommendations of certain changes, was submitted to the Legislature, but through some occult influence the report was quietly shelved and never acted on.

Mr. McClintock continued to pursue the even tenor of his way, and passed away in a green old age, most highly esteemed and respected by his fellow-lawyers and fellow-citizens.

Charles Denison (admitted August 13, 1840) was a grandson of Colonel Nathan Denison. He had a large clientage, and his standing as a lawyer can be judged by the fact that he came within one vote of the nomination for president judge at a time when the nomination was sure to be followed by an election.

Mr. Denison never held or sought public office until 1862, when he was elected to Congress by the largest majority up to that time ever given to any candidate in Luzerne county.

He was re-elected in 1864 and 1866, and died in 1867 without taking his seat in pursuance of his last election. His three daughters were unusually attractive, and after his death they all married abroad, two in England and one in France.

Lyman Hakes (admitted April 6, 1841) held a most distinguished place as counsel in the criminal courts. I venture to say that he had greater success in the defense of men charged with crime than any lawyer ever had at the Luzerne bar. His practice, however, was not confined to the criminal courts. He frequently appeared in the civil courts with a large measure of success, and was regarded as a strong lawyer and a formidable adversary in either forum. He was in no sense an orator, but he excelled in clear and logical statement, which impressed itself on the court and jury.

At the August term of court, 1861, one William Corwin, charged with the murder of his wife, was tried before Judge Conyngham and a jury. Mr. Hakes was the principal counsel for the defense. The case was well and thoroughly tried on both sides, lasted thirty-two days, and attracted very general attention here and elsewhere at the time. The exhausting efforts of the long trial told on Court, counsel and jury, and were followed by the death of one of the jurors. The district attorney in his address to the jury made the effort of his life. His argument, as well as that of Mr. Hakes for the defense, was taken down by a stenographer, and proved convincing to four members of the jury who voted for conviction; but finally, after long deliberation, the defendant was found not guilty.

The district attorney was persuaded to print in pamphlet form his address to the jury for distribution among his friends. Showing the same to Mr. Hakes, he generously offered to print Mr. Hakes' address also. Mr. Hakes answered that he did not care to print his address, but suggested that in lieu of it the district attorney should add by

way of postscript to his own printed address: "L. Hakes, attorney for defendant. Defendant was acquitted."

During the latter years of his life Mr. Hakes was completely broken down in health and was in the active practice of his profession something less than thirty years.

When I was yet a law student HENRY M. FULLER (admitted January 4, 1842) passed away at the very height of his career, when less than forty-one years of age. He was, without doubt, one of the most distinguished men of his time, and very early forged to the front.

Garrick M. Harding and, later, Alexander Farnham were students in his office, and the former became his law partner. Mr. Fuller early achieved distinction at the bar and few could approach him as a public speaker.

He had the same facility for work evinced by his son, Judge Fuller, and the ease and rapidity with which he dispatched the business of his law office was often remarked by his clients and his brethren of the bar.

Although a busy and successful lawyer, Mr. Fuller gave much attention to public affairs. A Whig in politics, he had great personal popularity with men of all parties, and in the year 1848, when only twenty-eight years of age, he was elected to the State Legislature, where he soon took a leading position and so impressed himself on that body and on the public that the very next year he was made the nominee of his party for the office of canal commissioner, then the most important State office next to Governor.

In 1850, when thirty years of age, and again in 1854, he was elected to Congress in a Democratic district at a time when that office conferred marked distinction on one who held it.

His election in 1850 was contested, and a majority of the Congressional Committee on Privileges and Elections being politically opposed to him, reported in favor of unseating him, but upon the report coming before the House it was

attacked on both side of the chamber—the attack being led by William H. Polk, of Tennessee, a leading Democrat and brother of President Polk—with the result that the report of the committee was reversed and Mr. Fuller made secure in his seat.

He had great personal charm, and it is safe to say that no man of his time so engaged the affections of the people as did Henry M. Fuller.

Edmund L. Dana (admitted April 6, 1841) distinguished as soldier, lawyer and judge, was generally considered the most scholarly member of the bar. He was of marked artistic and literary tastes, and his legal and judicial opinions were expressed in model English. I have at times observed him engrossed in reading his Greek testament, from which I understand he was seldom, if ever, parted. He was rather reserved in manner, had few intimates, and lacked any decided sense of humor.

Nevertheless, his extensive reading in literature, as well as law, his broad culture and general intelligence, were such that he was at all times a most interesting companion.

He was a learned lawyer, and his cases were carefully prepared for trial and clearly presented. His professional career was twice interrupted by events of national importance. At the time of this country's war with Mexico he was captain of the Wyoming Artillerists—the leading military organization of the Wyoming Valley—and with his company served some two years in Mexico under Major General Winfield Scott. Again his military services were in demand during the Civil War between the States, when as Colonel he commanded the One Hundred and Forty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Colonel Dana and his regiment were in numerous engagements during the war, and at the battle of Gettysburg he was in command of a brigade. For distinguished gallantry in action he was brevetted a brigadier general.

At the conclusion of the war General Dana resumed the practice of his profession. The Legislature, at its session in 1867, provided an additional law judge for Luzerne county, and in the fall of that year General Dana was elected judge and served as such most acceptably for the term of ten years. Upon the expiration of his judicial term he had practically the unanimous endorsement of the bar for re-election and received the nomination of both the Democratic and Republican parties. His re-election seemed so absolutely assured that ten thousand voters deemed it unnecessary to go to the polls, with the result that, to the surprise of his supporters, he met with defeat, due to the over-confidence of his friends, and to the fact that the labor organizations had quietly mustered their forces in sufficient numbers to elect their candidate, who in less than two years was forced to resign.

After his retirement to private life Judge Dana occasionally but very rarely appeared in court.

Lazarus D. Shoemaker (admitted August 1, 1842) was to the manner born, both grandsires being among the early settlers and both among those who took part in the battle of July 3, 1778, in which battle Mr. Shoemaker's grandfather, Lieutenant Elijah Shoemaker, lost his life, and his grandfather, Colonel Nathan Denison, was in command of the left wing of the patriot forces.

For a number of years after his admission Mr. Shoemaker was actively engaged in the practice of his profession, but when I knew him the lure of politics and of very successful business ventures was such that the practice of law became a matter of secondary importance with him, and in my time he very seldom came into court. In fact, I do not recall more than two or three occassions when he took part in the trial of a case. He was, however, a prominent citizen and an important factor in the affairs of the community. He had unusual business qualities, and for many

years was president of the Second National Bank, one of the largest financial institutions of the region. Mr. Shoemaker had rare tact, a very decided vein of dry humor, and was a man of popular manners. As a consequence, he made friends on all sides and with men of all political parties. In the face of what was ordinarily an adverse political majority, he was elected to the State Senate in 1866 and to Congress in 1870, and again in 1872.

Milton Dana (admitted November 6, 1846) was in a measure overshadowed by his more distinguished brother, Judge Edmund L. Dana. Some few years after his admission to the bar he located in the city of San Antonio, Texas. He remained there until the outbreak of the Civil War, when he deemed it prudent to again seek the scenes of his childhood, and returned to Wilkes-Barre, but did not again engage very actively in the practice of law.

In giving some of his experiences with Southern clients, Mr. Dana was wont to relate with glee that soon after opening his office in San Antonio he was called on by one of the citizens of the town, whose desire for gain outweighed any sentimental considerations. The client introduced himself and then remarked: "I believe you are a lawyer from the North; I came originally from the North myself, and when I have any legal business I prefer to consult a Northern lawyer. Sometime ago I married a Southern woman and some four months after marriage she gave birth to a nigger baby and I have come to consult you."

Dana gravely and impressively answered: "You are clearly entitled to a divorce, sir, and I will undertake to secure one without delay." The client in some alarm was quick to respond: "H——ll, young man, I don't want a divorce; I want to know whether I can sell the nigger."

George Byron Nicholson (admitted November 10, 1848) was a unique figure at the Luzerne bar and one of the brightest legal lights of his day.

He was a past master in the art of special pleading, when special pleading, as known to the legal profession of the time, was a most effective weapon at the command of the acute lawyer; inasmuch as amendments were not allowed and counsel were obliged to stand or fall on the record as made up. Before the statute permitting amendments, it often happened that his opponent was defeated before he had fairly begun.

In passing, I take occasion to say that to my mind the old practice had its advantages. It tended to make more careful, better trained, and, therefore, better lawyers, and very often to shorten trials by narrowing the issue under the pleadings.

Mr. Nicholson had a large clientage, and his advice was much sought in business matters of importance.

During the sessions of the Civil Court he was in almost continuous attendance, and I venture to think that he tried more cases than any lawyer of his time. He had a large reputation and large success as a trial lawyer, and this is the more remarkable because of the fact that at the conclusion of the evidence he was never known, I believe, to argue his case to the court or to the jury—that duty being performed by some other lawyer of ready speech, whom he associated with himself for that purpose alone.

Mr. Nicholson prepared his cases with great care, was an expert in the examination and cross examination of witnesses, and at the close of the case submitted to Court, in especially clear and concise and cogent language, his propositions of law, with the citation of authorities in their support. Then his duties ended, and an associate, who up to this time had taken no part whatever in the trial of the case, addressed the Court and jury.

Mr. Nicholson died in February, 1873, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

Asa R. Brundage (admitted April 2, 1849) was barely twenty-one years old at the time of his admission. He was a ready and fluent speaker, enthusiastic in the practice of his profession, and early met with success at the bar. He soon succeeded in securing clients, most of whom were residents of the Conyngham Valley, where he was born, and he built up a lucrative practice. In a little more than six years after his admission he was elected district attorney, in which office he served with credit. While yet in the prime of life he practically retired from any active participation in the trial of cases and confined himself to the work of his office, where he could usually be found during business hours.

Garrick M. Harding (admitted August 5, 1850) was a conspicuous figure in both the civil and criminal courts of the county.

Upon his admission he became the law partner of his preceptor, Hon. Henry M. Fuller, and the partnership continued so long as Mr. Fuller remained at the bar. Mr. Harding had abundant humor, decided ability as a lawyer, and very unusual gifts as a ready and forceful speaker. He at once entered upon a successful career at the bar, and until he went on the bench had a large and lucrative practice. In 1858 he was elected district attorney, and during his incumbency of the office the interests of the Commonwealth were faithfully and ably cared for.

In July, 1870, Judge Conyngham resigned from the bench and Mr. Harding was at first appointed, and a few months later elected, president judge to fill the vacancy.

Judge Harding displayed ability on the bench, and during the general strike of 1877 he manifested marked courage in dealing with the labor situation. In scathing language from the bench he denounced lawless conduct and warned guilty parties of the consequences sure to follow.

About a year before the expiration of his term Judge Harding resigned and re-opened his law office. He there-

after, however, spent much of his time on his farm, and gradually withdrew from the practice of his profession.

Judge Harding was a noted sportsman. Forest and stream beckoned him with almost compelling force, and when his professional or his judicial duties were not exacting and the game laws permitted, he was apt to be found pursuing his favorite pastime, which called forth the witticism of that eminent lawyer, Franklin B. Gowen, that "Harding is one of those lawyers who fish and hunt for a living and practice law for fun."

Winthrop W. Ketcham (admitted August 8, 1850) was decidedly a self-made man. Neither family nor fortune contributed to his success. By his own unaided efforts he acquired a liberal education and passed a successful examination for admission to the bar. Through sheer ability and force of character he won his way, gathered clients, and had every promise of a most successful career at the bar, but unfortunately, as he himself told me, he was tempted right in the midst of a growing practice to accept, in the year 1855, the Republican nomination for the very lucrative office of prothonotary, to which office he was elected in the face of a usual Democratic majority—all other candidates with him on the ticket being defeated. His incumbency of the office of prothonotary was unfortunate, because it separated him from his profession and introduced him into politics, and he was thereafter an important political factor in his county and in the State.

Upon the expiration of his term as prothonotary, in the year 1858, he was elected to the Legislature, and in the following year to the State Senate, where he at once took a leading part. In 1864 he was oppointed by President Lincoln solicitor of the Court of Claims, but because he differed from the policies of President Johnson he resigned in the following year. In 1869 and again in 1872 he had very strong support for Governor of the Commonwealth, but being a man of independent character and unready to

do any man's bidding he was unacceptable to the men in control of the State Republican organization, and they brought about his defeat. In 1874 he was elected to represent this district in the Federal Congress, and before the expiration of his term he was appointed United States District Judge for the Western District of Pennsylvania, and removed to Pittsburg, where he remained until his death. For some years we occupied adjoining offices, and, as a consequence, I saw much of him and found him, as all others found him, personally very attractive and a most congenial and agreeable companion. Of ready wit, large intelligence, broad mindedness and easily awakened sympathies, Judge Ketcham was a fine type of an American citizen. He met with fair success at the Luzerne bar, but he learned as others before him and since have learned that the law is a jealous mistress and demands the undivided attention of her votaries—or, in other words, that law and politics do not mix, especially so in the early years of one's professional career.

Stephen S. Winchester was admitted to the Wyoming county bar in September, 1843, and during his residence in that county combined newspaper work with the practice of the law. He was appointed by the Governor prosecuting attorney for Wyoming county, and discharged the duties of the office for about three years. In 1853 he removed to Wilkes-Barre and opened a law office here, but for a time discharged the duties of editor of the "Luzerne Union". In 1855 he was elected district attorney of Luzerne county and so continued until the election of his successor three years later. In November, 1861, by reason of an interregnum in the office, because of a contested election proceeding, Judge Conyngham appointed Mr. Winchester acting district attorney, pending the settlement of the contest. He had a fair practice in the civil courts but a better one in the Quarter Sessions, for which his experience as the prosecuting attorney of Wyoming county and later of Luzerne

county especially fitted him. Mr. Winchester was a very genial and companionable man, much liked by his brethren of the bar, and commanded their respect and esteem.

Charles Pike (admitted April 4, 1853) was a lawyer whose ability was at the outset recognized by his brethren of the bar. He had pronounced legal intuitions and would argue a proposition of law upon legal principles rather than upon the authority of decided cases.

A successful professional career opened before him, and soon after admission he was taken into partnership by the Hon. Hendrick B. Wright, which partnership lasted for several years, but his success was very much hindered by his over-indulgence in the cup that cheers and too oft inebriates. Nevertheless, a considerable number of his clients adhered to him. In his practice he always observed the proprieties of the profession and was intolerant of any breach on the part of others.

I recall one notable success that Mr. Pike achieved in the trial of a case, although it was evident at the time that he was laboring under the disadvantage of his unfortunate habit. The plaintiff, Arnold, was a litigious character of very unsavory reputation, and was a litigant at almost every sitting of the court. He brought numerous suits before a justice of the peace at Carbondale against residents of White Haven, in the lower end of the county, some fifty miles distant, and would sue residents of Carbondale before a White Haven justice. The means of travel between the two towns were inconvenient and attendance by a defendant meant the loss of two days' time. Arnold was careful to limit his claim in each instance to an amount that was less than the expense that would be incurred to appear and defend, with the result that defendants often suffered judgment by default as being cheaper than the loss of time and money incident to a contest.

In the case on trial Pike for the defense offered no evi-

dence, but relied wholly upon his cross examination of the plaintiff and his address to the jury, which took a wide latitude in its attack on Arnold, arraigning in caustic language his notorious conduct and closing with this bit of invective:

"When he dies they will bury him with his face downward toward hell; nothing green will grow over his grave; they will write with the finger in the sand, 'here lies a thing; he lived like a hog and died like a dog."

Arnold fairly winced under Pike's scathing arraignment, and the jury with little to support the verdict found in favor of the defendant. The effect of Pike's speech, together with the verdict, was to drive Arnold out of court; he abandoned all his pending suits and never again appeared as a litigant.

Henry M. Hoyt (admitted April 5, 1853) was big bodied and big brained, and a man of most attractive personality, who had a large following of personal friends devotedly attached to him. Intellectually he ranked with the best minds of his generation. He was a man of extensive reading, which embraced history, philosophy, science, higher mathematics, theology, etc., but as he told me himself, he had little time for fiction.

For nearly four years during the Civil War he served with distinction as lieutenant colonel and later as colonel of the 52nd Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, and in recognition of his services was brevetted brigadier general.

After the war he resumed his law practice. He was a logical but not a fluent speaker. Among his clients he numbered some of the leading corporations and financial institutions of the county. In 1867 he served on the bench for six months, associated with Judge Conyngham as additional law judge under appointment by the Governor. Although his term as judge was short, it was sufficiently long to demonstrate Judge Hoyt's special fitness for judicial office.

In November, 1878, he was elected, and on January 14, 1879, was inaugurated, Governor of Pennsylvania for the

term of four years. During his term of office he was recognized throughout the State as a man of very unusual ability, and by most was considered the brainiest Governor in the history of the Commonwealth. His official papers and veto messages were models of their kind, and no bill was ever passed by the Legislature over his veto.

While Governor he prepared and read before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania a paper entitled "A Brief of Title in the Seventeen Townships—A Syllabus of the Controversy between Connecticut and Pennsylvania". In this he analyzed the respective claims of Connecticut and Pennsylvania to that portion of the latter State north of the forty-first parallel of latitude, and reviewed the later legislation of Pennsylvania settling the land titles within the seventeen townships.

The paper was listened to with great interest by the leading members of the Philadelphia bar in attendance at the meeting, and firmly established in their estimation the Governor's standing as a lawyer. The paper was later somewhat enlarged, and was published by the Society. It is now one of the required subjects in the curriculum of studies of those seeking admission to the Luzerne bar.

Samuel P. Longstreet (admitted August 6, 1855) prepared his cases with great care and industry, and early met with a large measure of success in the practice of his profession. He represented neither corporations nor financial institutions, but his clients were mostly from the commercial class. However, they were numerous, and his professional income, I venture to think, was very considerably in excess of the average income of the lawyers of his time, especially of those whose length of service in the profession was about the same as his own.

I came to know him very well as early as 1862, and about that time he invited me to take a place in his office, but I had already made other arrangements. In that connection he told me that his fees for the preceding two years had

amounted to as much as four thousand dollars each year, the equivalent of the salary of the president judge then and for thirty years more. He was a man of slight build, quite plain in appearance, and had a rather unattractive manner.

When I first knew him he was much given to profanity, but during a season of protracted religious services in the Methodist Episcopal Church Mr. Longstreet made a profession of religion and united with the church, of which he was thereafter a consistent member.

For somewhat less than eleven years Mr. Longstreet remained at the Luzerne bar, of which he was one of the leading members. In 1864 he abandoned the law and engaged in the coal trade, and in connection with that business settled in Erie. The coal business proved unsuccessful, and a little later he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

For a time he occupied a pulpit in Salt Lake City and then again resumed the practice of law. Somewhat later, however, he returned to the ministry and became pastor of a Methodist Church in Helena, Mont., where he died in 1881.

Edward P. Darling was born and reared in the county of Berks. He studied law in Reading in the office of Hon. William Strong, who a few years later was elected a judge of the Supreme Court of the State. Some years after retiring from the State court Judge Strong was appointed by President Grant one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Mr. Darling was admitted to the Berks county bar November 10, 1853, and to the bar of Luzerne county August 13, 1855. He was a lawyer of signal ability and ranked among the foremost men of the profession. His practice took a wide range, embracing real estate and commercial and corporation law. His clients included several of the largest financial institutions, trust companies, railroad and mining corporations and leading business men of the county. He was dis-

tinctively the business man's lawyer, and his professional work was mostly done in his office.

In the early years of his practice he appeared in court as occasion required, but he gradually withdrew from active participation in the trial of cases; the trials being generally conducted by his younger brother, J. Vaughn Darling, who excelled as a trial lawyer and who, after a few years' practice in Philadelphia, came here soon after my own admission and became a member of the law firm of E. P. and J. V. Darling.

Edward P. Darling, besides being an accomplished lawyer, was an exceptionally accomplished and cultivated man. In addition to his knowledge of the ancient languages he was familiar with French, German and Italian; had a wide acquaintance with the best literature, and was a musician of rare excellence. He had a fine tenor voice, and on occasions would delight his friends by his singing; playing on the piano his own accompaniments. Mr. Darling had attractive social qualities, but his health was not good, and during the later years of his life he mixed little with his friends, remaining rather strictly at home after the day's work at his office was over.

Stanley Woodward (admitted August 4, 1856). In connection with his admission it is interesting to recall that in 1836 George W. Woodward moved the admission of Andrew T. McClintock. Twenty years later, in 1856, Andrew T. McClintock moved the admission of Judge Woodward's son, Stanley Woodward. After twenty years more, that is in 1876, Stanley Woodward moved the admission of Mr. McClintock's son, Andrew H. McClintock. In 1885 Andrew H. McClintock moved the admission of J. Butler Woodward, and in 1912 J. Butler Woodward moved the admission of Gilbert S. McClintock; thus this pleasant function descended from father to sons and grandsons, in the two families, in alternate succession.

Stanley Woodward was an able lawyer and at the same

time the most genial, agreeable and companionable of men. Of the qualities that made him such I can speak from personal knowledge, because, as already stated, I was a student in his office and was admitted to the bar on his motion. The close friendly relations then established were maintained as long as he lived.

He studied law in the office of his cousin, Warren J. Woodward, who was some fourteen years his senior and a lawyer of eminence, and who about a year after Stanley Woodward's admission was appointed president judge of the Twenty-sixth Judicial District. This was a fortunate circumstance for the subject of my sketch, inasmuch as practically at the outset of his professional career he succeeded to a large and well established law business. He inspired such confidence in his clients and achieved such succcess in their behalf that he was able to retain the great majority of the clients of the office and from time to time to add materially to their number. He was active in the trial of cases in the civil courts and to some extent in the criminal courts as well. While aggressive when engaged in a trial, he ever treated the Court with the utmost respect and his opponents with unfailing courtesy. He was ready at repartee and quite able to take care of himself in any passage at arms between counsel, and was a graceful and fluent and persuasive speaker.

After nearly twenty-four years active practice at the bar he was, about January 1, 1880, appointed by his close personal friend but political opponent, Governor Henry M. Hoyt, as additional law judge to succeed Judge Harding, who had resigned. At the fall election Judge Woodward was chosen to succeed himself, and was re-elected in 1890, and altogether served twenty-one years on the bench of Luzerne county; the last five years as president judge. While on the bench his treatment of counsel, jurors, suitors and witnesses was always kind and considerate.

It is worthy of note that Judge Woodward was of a race

of judges. His grandfather was an associate judge in Wayne county. His father, George W. Woodward, was president judge of the Fourth Judicial District and afterwards an associate judge and later chief justice of the Supreme Court of the State. His cousin, Warren J. Woodward, was president judge of the Twenty-sixth Judicial District, then of the Twenty-third Judicial District, and later an associate judge of the Supreme Court. He was himself president judge of Luzerne county, and his son, J. Butler Woodward, is at present one of the judges of this county. Five Woodwards in judicial office.

Judge Woodward was a man of literary attainments, and when a student at Yale College won prizes for oratory and for English composition. He had a happy way of saying things and an inexhaustible fund of anecdote; was in frequent demand to address public assemblies, and as an after-dinner speaker. He was an addition to every social circle and met with welcome everywhere.

Agib Ricketts (admitted January 6, 1857) was early convinced that, due to the growing and important mining interests and other industrial enterprises in the county, there would be a growth in equity practice and a new field opened up for professional success. He therefore gave much of his time to the study of equity, of which the great mass of lawyers and judges as well knew very little. In a comparatively short time Mr. Ricketts acquired a reputation as a proficient practitioner in this branch of jurisprudence, although he engaged in general legal practice as well. As the business grew, especially after the adoption of the equity rules in 1865, he found frequent employment. In a number of cases he was taken in by other counsel who were glad to be relieved of the greater part of the labor and responsibility connected with an equity suit. For a considsiderable time Mr. Ricketts was recognized as the foremost chancery solicitor at the bar.

But later on other lawyers, largely as the result of the

simplified practice under the new rules, made a study of equity; and with the rising generation of lawyers equity became a part of their preparation for admission to the bar, and so it happened that the time arrived when Mr. Ricketts ceased to enjoy what for a while had been almost a monopoly of the business before the Court sitting in equity.

Mr. Ricketts had considerable success at the bar, but he had certain unfortunate peculiarities of temperament that at times seemed to stand in his way and to interfere with his reaching that measure of success which otherwise he doubtless would have attained.

Jerome G. Miller (admitted April 24, 1858) had unusual success in the collection of commercial claims, most of which came to him from the cities of New York and Philadelphia, and in the main he confined himself to that branch of business. He was in many ways an attractive man and had many friends. His quaint sayings were often quoted, and established his reputation as "a town character". In 1861 Mr. Miller was the Republican candidate for district attorney and was declared elected, and served as such for some five months, but upon a contest his election was set aside. In his address to the jury in a case on trial during his short incumbency of the office, he laid down and argued with great emphasis, much to the amusement of both the bench and the bar, the novel and startling proposition that it were better that ninety-nine innocent men should be hanged rather than that one guilty man should escape.

Robert C. Shoemaker (admitted April 4, 1859) occupied law offices with his uncle, Lazarus D. Shoemaker, already mentioned.

He was a well-read and competent lawyer, but his time and attention were to a large extent taken up with other matters, and while he was in regular attendance at his office he rarely appeared in Court. He was my closest friend, for whom I entertained a warm affection so long as he lived.

High ideals and absolute personal integrity, even in the least important matter, were his characteristics. Of him it could emphatically be said, "he stands without hitchin' ". He lived in his ancestral home at Forty Fort, a fine colonial mansion built by his grandfather, where with warm welcome and grace of manner he frequently received and entertained his friends and ever proved a charming host. No member of the bar and no citizen of the town commanded greater respect and esteem than Robert C. Shoemaker.

For years after I came to the bar I heard very frequent mention of Horatio W. Nicholson, who died in 1855, in the thirty-eighth year of his age; of Harrison Wright, who died in 1856, in his forty-second year, and of Warren J. Woodward, who at thirty-eight years of age was appointed to the bench of the Twenty-sixth Judicial District.

These men were all lost to the Luzerne bar in the very noonday of life. They were a remarkable trio, and all took very high rank as lawyers early in their professional careers. Nicholson, at thirty-three, was general counsel of the Lackawanna Railroad, and the others represented equally important interests. All three were in the enjoyment of very extensive practice and impressed themselves on the administration of law in their time. The memory of each of them was long kept green in the hearts and minds of their brethren of the bar.

XVII.

The foregoing sketches are limited to the resident members of what may be denominated the "Old Bar", that is to say, such lawyers as were in the active practice of law at the county seat at the time of my advent here in 1861; not including any settled elsewhere in the county. To extend the sketches to take in any considerable portion of the very large number since admitted is simply impracticable, and any selection might seem invidious. Therefore, I have upon the whole deemed it wise to confine myself within the limits stated.

As I recall the members of the "Old Bar"—with all of whom I was on friendly terms, and with some of them on even intimate terms—pleasant, though in some respects saddened, memories are awakened. As I contemplate their personnel "old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past."

Unless a lawyer has achieved a national reputation all recollection of him seems to vanish soon after he has passed from earth. However much he may have impressed himself upon his contemporaries, or whatever rank he may have attained in his profession, it appears to count for very little even with the succeeding generation, to say nothing of later generations.

The men who constituted the "Old Bar" were men of prominence in the community as well as in the profession, and in their day helped to mold the jurisprudence of the time and did much to establish the law on firm foundations. But it would seem that, to the greater part of the nearly three hundred lawyers now here in practice, many, if not a majority, of the "Old Bar" are unknown even by name. In making my brief sketches of them one principal motive on my part has been, so far as I am able, to rescue their names and their memories from entire oblivion.

Of them all, as already stated, the only survivor is Mr. Alexander Farnham, who was admitted January 13, 1855, one day after his twenty-first birthday. Mr. Farnham's reputation as a thoroughly able lawyer is well known to the present generation, but probably few of them know that such reputation was achieved very early in his professional life. When I came to the bar Mr. Farnham was still under twenty-nine years of age, but he was then and for several years had been very generally recognized as a most competent and successful lawyer, equally at home in handling the law business of his office and the trial of cases in court.

In the year 1873 he was elected district attorney, and during his three years' encumbency of the office its duties were discharged with signal efficiency and fidelity.

Until the adoption of the rule requiring all equity cases to be heard in open court, Mr. Farnham served for a number of years as master in chancery. In his disposition of the many cases heard by him he manifested a judicial quality of mind that demonstrated his fitness for the bench, and the public would have been well served had he been so placed. Mr. Farnham's professional career at the Luzerne bar was once and possibly twice interrupted by residence elsewhere; but it is worthy of note that nearly sixty-three years have elapsed since his admission—a much greater length of time than in the case of any other member of the Luzerne bar and hardly equalled, I think, within the State.

As indicating the high estimate placed upon him by his professional associates, it is pertinent to remark that Mr. Farnham has been for twenty-five years annually elected President of the Wilkes-Barre Law and Library Association, commonly known as the Bar Association. He is still in harness and maintains his law office, where much of the time he can be found. Mr. Farnham's reading has taken a wide range and his mind is a storehouse of general information on a great variety of subjects. As lawyer and citizen he is held in very high regard by the community.

XVIII.

At the time of this writing I look back over a period of fifty-five years at the Luzerne bar, a longer period of active practice than any other present member of the bar, with the single exception of Mr. Farnham. In all these years I have never held public office, but have ever been content with the private station and the practice of my profession.

I shall, however, always regard as a signal honor my unsought and unanimous election in June, 1911, as president of the Pennsylvania Bar Association, composed of over a thousand lawyers representing every county of the Commonwealth.

For some five years past I have seldom appeared in court

and not at all in the trial of jury cases, but during the whole period I have, as a rule, been in attendance at my office every morning somewhat earlier than nine o'clock.

During my long professional career I have been connected with a large amount of important litigation, especially litigation affecting the anthracite mining interests of the region. It may well be supposed that I have had some interesting experiences, but it is not my purpose to make reference to any of the cases in which I have been engaged as counsel from time to time, other than one case, the facts of which I am led to narrate because of its tragic consequences and because I believe I am the only person living having personal knowledge of the circumstances.

At the January term of court, 1872, there was tried before Judge Harding the case of John Stark vs. William H. Merritt, involving the claim to recover coal rents or royalties under a so-called coal lease. The plaintiff was represented by Mr. W. W. Ketcham and Mr. George Byron Nicholson. Defendant was represented by Mr. Andrew T. McClintock and Mr. Stanley Woodward. A verdict was reached, but Judge Harding granted a new trial.

Meantime Mr. Merritt was married and went on his wedding trip to Europe, taking with him his wife, his sister and his wife's sister, and they remained abroad about a year.

The case was again ordered on the list for trial at the March term in the year 1873. Mr. Nicholson having died, I was retained in his place and was associated with Mr. Ketcham in the trial of the case for plaintiff, which, however, for reasons later stated, was not tried for another year.

While the case was pending on the March list, Mr. Woodward received a cablegram from his client, Mr. Merritt, in Paris, asking that the case be continued until June, inasmuch as Mr. Merritt did not want to return earlier than that date. Mr. Woodward brought his cablegram to Mr. Ketcham, who submitted it to me and asked me what I thought we had better do. I said to Mr. Ketcham that he

was the original and senior counsel, and that, of course, I would consent to anything that was agreeable to him, but that so far as I was personally concerned I had no objection to the case going over. Mr. Ketcham then said that our client (Stark) was very restive and felt that the case had been unnecessarily prolonged; that there had been quite sufficient delay already to accommodate the movements of Mr. Merritt, and insisted on trial. I then said: "If that is the attitude of our client, I suppose we have no discretion in the matter and that there is nothing for us to do but to so report to Mr. Woodward." Mr. Ketcham returned to Mr. Woodward and made the statement to him, whereupon Mr. Woodward cabled Mr. Merritt that the case would be called for trial at the March term.

I learned afterwards that Mr. Merritt planned to return alone, leaving Mrs. Merritt and the two sisters in Paris, with the intention that Mr. Merritt would later return for them; but at the last moment they changed their plans and all determined to come together, and they took passage on the ill-fated steamship "Atlantic". Off the coast of Nova Scotia, on her passage to this country, the "Atlantic" went on the rocks and proved a total wreck. Nearly all the passengers and officers and crew, including Mr. and Mrs. Merritt and the two sisters, were lost. Among the persons saved was Cornelius L. Brady, the second mate.

Sometime later the steamship "Pennsylvania", bound for the port of Philadelphia, when several hundred miles out on the ocean, encountered a terrific storm, accompanied by a tidal wave which swept from the bridge of the ship every officer who was competent to navigate the vessel. The ship load of passengers and the vessel as well were left without an officer to guide them into port. Fortunately Brady, the former second mate of the "Atlantic", was among the passengers and took command of the ship and put it safely into the port of Philadelphia, and later recovered in the United States Court at Philadelphia, in a suit against the

steamship company, some four thousand dollars for his services.

It is needless to say that the case of Stark vs. Merritt was further postponed. It was not reached for trial for about a year later, when a verdict was then rendered for our client, the plaintiff. It was appealed by the defendant to the Supreme Court, but before it was heard there, was settled by the parties.

The circumstances of this case all illustrate how great and even tragic events sometimes result from what at the time seems to be a trivial circumstance.

Had we consented to the postponement of the Stark case in March, 1873, the Merritt family would not have been on board the steamship "Atlantic" at the time of her disaster, and, moreover, in all human probability the ship would not have met with the disaster, inasmuch as it was attributed very largely to a dinner given by Mr. Merritt that night in commemoration of his wedding anniversary, which dinner was attended by all the principal officers of the ship, and it was charged that these same officers had indulged over much and thus unfitted themselves for their duty to the ship and its passengers. At all events, the surviving officers were suspended for a year by the British authorities, under the flag of which country the "Atlantic" sailed.

Had the "Atlantic" not been wrecked, Brady, the second mate, would not have been a passenger on the "Pennsylvania," and it is interesting to surmise what might then have happened to the "Pennsylvania" and its passengers.

XIX.

During the sitting of court one day, some fifty years ago, there walked into the court room a tall man, with very black hair (or wig) and sallow complexion, and altogether of singular and striking appearance. The older members of the bar gathered about him and Judge Conyngham came to the end of the bench to greet him. I soon learned that

the stranger was Thaddeus Stevens, "The Great Commoner" and leader of Congress and an eminent lawyer. His interest in the colored race and especially in the negroes of the South was very pronounced and well known, and an appeal from any of them always met with ready response on his part.

Hon. John J. Paterson, a friend of Stevens and during reconstruction days a Senator of the United States from South Carolina, told me in recent years that on one occasion the pastor of a colored church in the South came to Washington and during an afternoon and evening sought Mr. Stevens without success; the fact being that Stevens, with a few select friends, was engaged in a game of "draw poker" until near morning, with Mr. Stevens a winner to the extent of a hundred dollars. Near noon the next day the colored pastor met Stevens, all shaven and shorn, on his way to a session of the House, told him of his unsuccessful search of the day before, explained the needs of his church and appealed for financial help. Stevens listened attentively, took the poker winnings from his pocket and handed them over, at the same time quoting from Cowper's famous hymn: "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

At the instance of Chief Justice Woodward, who was to retire from the bench a year and a half later and who had then recently re-established his home in Wilkes-Barre in what is now the main building of the Wilkes-Barre Institute, the Supreme Court held a two weeks' session here in June, 1866.

The court at the time was composed of Chief Justice George W. Woodward and Justices James Thompson, William Strong (who afterward became a justice of the United State Supreme Court), John M. Read and Daniel Agnew.

This session of the court brought together a large number of lawyers from all the counties of the northeastern part of the State. There were argued at that time before the court

many important cases, but most important of all were the two cases, respectively, of the Commonwealth and of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company vs. the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company, both cases raising practically the same questions and involving the validity of a lease to the Atlantic and Great Western Company of the Catawissa railroad, which was to form an important link in a projected great trunk line from Chicago to New York, paralleling the Pennsylvania railroad line between the same cities; promoted and financed by Sir Morton Peto and Overend Gurney and Company, English capitalists.

The cases attracted great attention because of their importance, but more, perhaps, because of the large array of distinguished counsel, which included on the part of the Commonwealth William M. Meredith, one of the greatest lawyers of his generation and at the time attorney general of the State; Theodore Cuyler, a famous Philadelphia lawyer and general counsel of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and Charles Gibbons, also a Philadelphia lawyer of prominence. For the respondent appeared Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, ex-chief justice of Pennsylvania and ex-secretary of state in Buchanan's cabinet; Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, ex-secretary of the Treasury in Polk's cabinet; Franklin B. Gowen, general counsel of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company, affiliated with the Catawissa Company; Gaylord Church and William A. Porter, both of whom had occupied seats on the bench of the Supreme Court of the State.

Justice Read, sitting at Nisi Prius, in February, 1866, granted an injunction against the consummation of the lease of the Catawissa road to the Atlantic and Great Western Company. On June 29, 1866, at Wilkes-Barre, and almost immediately following the argument before the Supreme Court en banc, the Court, speaking through the chief justice, reversed Justice Read and dissolved the injunction; but the

mischief had been done. The long wait between February and June proved fatal to the enterprise and ruinous to its promoters. This case illustrates what serious results may follow the mistaken action of a judge in the granting of an injunction.

The session of the Supreme Court here was made the occasion of several social functions, including a grand reception at the mansion of Mr. George M. Hollenback, a dinner at the Wyoming Valley Hotel tendered by the Luzerne county bar and presided over by Hon. Hendrick B. Wright, at which dinner the chief justice and justices and distinguished lawyers made speeches.

XX.

For many years until about the year 1850, and, perhaps, later, the county political conventions (in order, it was said, to keep away from the influences of the county officials, denominated the "Court House Ring") were held each year, the Democratic convention at Myers tavern on River street, Forty Fort, and the Whig convention at Helme's tavern, Wyoming avenue, Kingston. The number of delegates probably did not exceed forty, representing that number of election districts. Leading representative business men of the two parties attended these conventions as delegates and paid their own expenses. Such a thing as purchasing the support of any delegate was unheard of, and would have been ruinous to the prospects of any candidate who attempted it. Substantial citizens were nominated by both parties for the various offices. Some years before I became a resident here the place of holding these conventions had been changed to the court house, Wilkes-Barre, and later to some public hall.

As the character of the population changed, the character of the delegates changed, and it often happened that our fellow-citizens of foreign birth were in control.

Before Judge Stanley Woodward went on the bench he

and I would sometimes attend the Democratic conventions and act together in behalf of some person or policy in which we were interested. Many were the amusing occurrences. On one occasion, when the nomination of candidates was in order, a prominent Irish delegate from the "Old Sod" arose and said that, of course, everybody would recognize the policy of placing at least one Irishman on the ticket. He was followed by a German from the Fatherland, who said that in order to secure the votes of his countrymen it would be necessary to nominate a German. A Polish citizen said it must not be forgotten that the Poles cast a large vote and were entitled to representation on the ticket. There seemed to be no dissent from these several suggestions, but a delegate of American descent and born in this county, seeing that all the places were likely to be awarded to naturalized citizens, arose and said that he thought it was about time to consider the claims of a native American for nomination to one of the offices. He had hardly made this suggestion when a large number of the delegates arose to their feet with the shout: "Put the bloody Know-nothing out".

On another occasion Judge Woodward walked into a very turbulent and noisy Democratic convention and was immediately elected chairman, only to discover that five other chairmen had been elected in succession and had discreetly declined. Woodward took the chair. A large number of the delegates were on their feet demanding recognition, one of them flourishing a revolver in a threatening manner. The chairman shouted for order and stated that he would recognize them all in turn, but with rare tact added, that after consideration, and in the exercise of a wise discretion, he had concluded in the first instance "to recognize the man with the gun."

The humor of the situation appealed to the crowd and the chairman was thereafter able to maintain a fair degree of order.

There was a large number of colored Republican voters

in Wilkes-Barre and among them one named Towns, who was quite a ready stump speaker and exercised considerable political influence over the men of his race. The Republican managers availed themselves of Towns' services quite freely but turned a deaf ear to his demands for more substantial recognition. Finally Towns tired of this treatment and turned to the Democratic managers, who concluded that it might be good politics to extend to Towns "the glad hand". As part of their plan they had him chosen as a delegate to the Democratic county convention and selected as one of the vice presidents. As such, Towns took his seat on the platform among the other convention officials.

About this time an Irish delegate of large stature and pretty well "corned" strode down the hall and suddenly halted. He gazed at the platform with a look of surprise, and, taking in the unusual situation, he exclaimed, with unmistakable determination in his tone of voice: "Mr. Chairman, I make a motion and I second it, too, that the d——d nagur come down off the porch." The convention arose as one man and the "nagur" promptly came down.

Over one convention there was called to preside a delegate from one of the outer wards of Wilkes-Barre who was a graduate of the "prize ring". He carried things with a high hand and ruled arbitrarily, much to the disgust of many of the delegates, and particularly of Mr. Kulp, who represented one of the old wards of the city. Kulp protested over and over again against the conduct of the chair, and finally demanded to know by what rules the convention was supposed to be governed.

The chair very promptly replied: "The Marquis of Queensbury rules; take your seat!"

Kulp conceded the binding force of these rules and quietly submitted.

As a general thing, order in the yearly convention was reasonably maintained—occurrences similar to those above stated being exceptional.

The twelfth ward of Scranton, before the division of the county, was a Democratic stronghold, and our Republican friends were unkind enough to say that it was sometimes the case that a Democratic majority would be returned in excess of the entire number of taxable residents in the ward. It once happened in a close contest that the political boss of the ward telegraphed the chairman of the Democratic county committee: "Twelfth ward gives 1,200 majority; is that enough?"

In 1856 the old Whig party was practically disbanded and was succeeded by the Republican party.

It would not be becoming in me to suggest that any Whig or any Republican convention was ever otherwise than an orderly assembly, or that any Whig or Republican boss ever resorted to methods akin to those alleged to be sometimes practiced in the Twelfth Ward of Scranton.

The occurrences related are now all matters of ancient history and cannot again happen, inasmuch as county conventions are things of the past and in their place we have the direct primary—long the dream of political reformers. I think it is generally agreed that the dream has not been altogether realized, and that sometimes unworthy candidates have been foisted on the ticket by popular vote who would never have been considered by even the worst bossed convention of either party.

XXI.

When I came here in 1861 the only auditorium, other than churches, suited for any public entertainment was Chahoon Hall, occupying all above the first floor of the present Beers building, on the upper side of Market street, about one hundred feet from the Public Square. This hall seated about three hundred persons, and was followed a few years later by Liberty Hall, in the third story of the Frauenthal block, on the westerly side of Main street, midway between Public Square and Northampton street, and by Landmesser's Hall, in the third story of the block on the easterly cor-

ner of Main and South streets, each with a seating capacity of say six hundred.

In one or the other of these halls there would be given occasionally, during the winter months, a course of lectures or a series of other entertainments, consisting of concerts by some traveling troupe or by some local musical organization, sleight of hand performance by Signor Blitz and others, etc.

I recall the pleasing and well attended concerts that were given by the Hutchinson family, by the Baker family, by a quartet named the Continentals, and by the Swiss Bell Ringers, and others.

The lectures were usually of a very high order and given by especially able men. They were instructive and educational and at the same time very interesting and entertaining and commanded large audiences. Wendell Phillips of Boston, the "Silver Tongued", the most famous public speaker of his day and generation, was here at least twice in Liberty Hall during the sixties. His lecture on the "Lost Arts" was one of the most interesting deliverances ever given from any stage and was full of valuable information, much of which I can recall after all these years.

Soon after the close of the Franco-Prussian War Charles Sumner, the distinguished United States Senator from Massachusetts, delivered in Landmesser's Hall his great lecture, "The Duel Between France and Prussia." His lecture was without anecdote or humor and was read entirely from manuscript and consumed two hours in the reading, but was filled with facts concerning the war, with a statement of the secret history connected with it and the reasons which led to it, nearly all of which was new to his audience. It was all couched in perfect English and read in deep-toned and well modulated voice, and so engaged the interest of his audience that his lecture received during its two hours' reading such absolute attention throughout that even the dropping of a pin would have been heard.

After the lecture Mr. Sumner held a reception at the Wyoming Valley Hotel which was largely attended by the leading citizens of the town. They were introduced by the Hon. L. D. Shoemaker, at the time our member of Congress.

In other years the lecture platform of these halls was occupied by John B. Gough, the famous temperance apostle; by Reverend Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, a noted New York and later Boston preacher; Hon. William Parsons, a member of the British Parliament; Park Benjamin, the well-known litterateur; the eminent Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Church; the Rev. Dr. Stephen Tyng, of New York, celebrated Episcopal divine; Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Scott Siddons, Mark Twain, and others.

Fully forty-five years ago there was completed, on the easterly corner of River and Market streets, a large brick block, occupying the present site of the Hotel Sterling. The first floor was used for business purposes, but over all was a large and well-appointed auditorium seating about twelve hundred persons and known as Music Hall, with an ample stage, galleries, proscenium boxes, all well adapted for musical entertainments and for the production of theatrical plays as well.

When finished, Music Hall was opened by a concert in which appeared Clara Louise Kellogg, the famous opera singer of the time, accompanied by the Germania Orchestra, the leading Philadelphia musical organization of that day. The hall was crowded by the best people of the town. From time to time thereafter for a period of twenty years or more famous actors and famous singers, and occasionally famous lecturers, entertained the public at Music Hall. Among the actors were Joseph Jefferson, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Florence, John T. Raymond, Mrs. Drew, mother of John Drew; Maggie Mitchell, John E. Owens, and many other players of the day. Among the musical stars, besides Clara Louise Kellogg, were Christine Nilsson, Caroline Richings, and others whose names I do not at the moment

recall. Music Hall served its day and generation and was demolished in 1895 to make way for the Hotel Sterling.

XXII.

About the middle of June, 1863, Gen. Lee's threatened advance on Pennsylvania, which a little later culminated in the Battle of Gettysburg, led Governor Curtin to issue an urgent call for volunteers to repel the invaders. Prompt response was made throughout the Commonwealth, and Wilkes-Barre, with a population of about five thousand, raised three companies of one hundred men each, which practically took all the young men of the town. These three companies were at the outset commanded respectively by Dr. Edward R. Mayer, Stanley Woodward and Agib Ricketts, but a little later Dr. Mayer was commissioned colonel and Ricketts declined to be mustered in because of a difference with the mustering authorities, and command of his company, in which I enlisted as a private, was taken over by Edward W. Finch as captain and Alexander Farnham as first lieutenant, who later was appointed adjutant general of the brigade. We were designated as Company K and assigned at first to the —th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Militia, but this was later changed to the 30th Regiment. We proceeded from here to Harrisburg in open platform cars, and after reaching there bivouacked the first night on the capitol grounds and then were removed to Camp Curtin, adjoining Harrisburg, in which a hundred thousand men had preceded us, and its sanitary condition can be more easily imagined than described. From there we moved to a camp on the opposite side of the river.

Few had any appreciation of the gravity of the situation, and practically none of us had had any previous training. Discipline was very lax; familiar and friendly relations existed between our officers and the rank and file, as indicated by the fact that we did not address our captain as such, but invariably as "Finchy". Our officers made some attempt to

drill us, but with indifferent success; many of us had to be shown how to load a gun, and yet it would seem that we were counted on to meet and overawe the veterans of Lee's army. Word came that Lee had crossed the State line, and about the last day of June we took up our march for Carlisle, sixteen miles away. The day was warm and the march told rather heavily on the company, most of whom came from offices and stores and were unaccustomed to much exercise. We reached Carlisle about four in the afternoon and found men, women and children on the streets, and many of us were served with coffee and sandwiches.

Our brigade commander was a resident of Wilkes-Barre, but a native and former resident of Carlisle, and a gentleman somewhat given to his cups. As he led the column up the Main street he was quickly recognized by his Carlisle friends, and having in mind his convivial habits the brigadier was greeted with the shout: "Our expected succor has arrived." (I feel some uncertainty as to how I ought to spell the third word of that sentence.) We marched up the street in rather jaunty manner and had not the slightest apprehension of approaching danger.

Suddenly, and to our great surprise, a shell came tearing down the street, followed by others, killing a horse, shattering the arm of a member of a Philadelphia battery and cutting off a large limb from one of the trees. Our scouts reported a Rebel battery commanding the street. This was very alarming, but we met the situation with great heroism by quickly taking possession of the houses along our route of march, because we concluded that it would be wiser and safer to give the "Rebs" a clear passage in case they made a charge down the street, which we were advised was likely to happen. The firing of the battery, after a time, ceased, and its long cessation was so reassuring that we ventured forth from the houses and retired in good order behind the court house, where we remained in comparative security all night.

By reason of my profession, and for every reason, I have ever regarded a court house with great respect, as playing an important part in safeguarding our lives and our liberties; but I confess I never had it borne in upon me with such emphasis as when in the twilight we sought the shelter of the Carlisle court house that warm summer evening in 1863. During the night we discovered that our friends, the enemy, had set fire to the United States barracks, but inasmuch as we had not enlisted as firemen, we did not deem it our duty to interfere, and the barracks were soon a heap of ashes. We learned afterwards that the attacking force consisted of some three thousand cavalrymen of Fitzhugh Lee's command, accompanied by a battery, and that their officers had planned to surround the town and take us prisoners, but at the critical moment they received peremptory orders to move at once to Gettysburg.

It is not to be assumed that we would have submitted to capture. It is better to think that by the enemy's move to Gettysburg they were saved from being wiped out by the prowess of the Pennsylvania Volunteer Militia.

A few days after this we met the —th Regiment (to which our company was at first assigned) returning to Harrisburg from Wrightsville, where the whole body had been made prisoners by Gen. Gordon's command and paroled. When we met them they were barefooted and a rather uncomfortable looking lot, and appeared as if they would prefer not to meet their friends just then, at least, not until they could doff their uniforms. The enemy had taken from them their guns, their knapsacks, haversacks, blankets, shoes and stockings, practically leaving them nothing but their coats and trousers. Candor compels me to say that, notwithstanding their ludicrous and embarrassed appearance, I am led to believe that inasmuch as they were going home, there was a lurking feeling of regret among some of the men of Company K that the first assignment of the com-

pany to the —th Regiment rather than the 30th Regiment had not held good.

Later we moved to South Mountain and learned that the Battle of Gettysburg was in progress; then to Shippensburg, Chambersburg and Greencastle in turn. Meantime the Battle of Gettysburg was fought and won without our assistance and we returned to Camp Curtin, where, after six weeks in the United States service, we were mustered out.

I reached home on a Thursday and was taken down with typhoid fever on Sunday. After a tedious illness I recovered in due time and am able to "point with pride" to my very important service rendered in the Civil War, for which up to this time I have received neither the thanks of Congress nor a pension.

XXIII.

Upon the receipt of the news of General Lee's surrender of the Confederate army, April 9, 1865, Wilkes-Barre went fairly wild. Men who were never known to indulge in the use of intoxicating liquors in any form whatever, threw good resolutions to the winds and celebrated the event to the fullest extent. Judge Conyngham—who had two sons in the Union Army, one as lieutenant colonel of the 52nd Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and another as major of the 143rd Regiment—happened to be on the Public Square near the telegraph office and was first shown the telegram announcing the surrender. The judge promptly made known the fact. Great excitement prevailed. A crowd quickly gathered and formed a procession, escorting the judge towards his home on River street. When the procession reached the residence of Mr. John Henry Swoyer, next that of Judge Conyngham's, Mr. Swoyer invited the entire crowd into his house. The invitation was promptly accepted and as many as could, including Judge Conyngham, entered the house. Mr. Swoyer produced decanters and glasses from the sideboard and all awaited the action of the judge, who half filled a small glass and raised it and then set it

down without partaking. He raised the glass a second time and set it down, and raising it the third time, said: "If there ever comes a time when one is justified in manifesting his joy by drinking a toast with his friends, this is most assuredly that time, but due to the high office which I hold I have deemed it wise and proper during my occupancy of the bench to practice total abstinence. I believe it to be wise and proper even now and upon this joyful occasion that I should adhere to my resolve made many years ago." He set the glass down for the third time untasted. The crowd applauded and the judge said good-bye and quietly took his departure.

The other guests of Mr. Swoyer, however, did not follow the judge's good example. I think it safe to say that each drank the judge's share as well as his own share.

What occurred at Mr. Swoyer's was at the same time occurring at many places in the old town. I recall that one prominent citizen of temperate habits mounted the counter in the barroom of the old Eagle Hotel, corner of Market and Franklin streets, and harangued the crowd, holding a raised umbrella over his head. Some one called out, "It isn't raining," whereupon came the reply, "Perhaps not, but there will be a storm when I get home."

Speeches were made on about every corner. Bells rang and cannon boomed. At night houses and business places were brilliantly lighted; bonfires blazed and fireworks illumined the sky.

It was several days before matters settled down to a normal state, when business was regularly resumed.

Alas! the almost frantic rejoicing over Lee's surrender was followed a few days later by deepest sorrow, occasioned by the assassination of President Lincoln on the fourteenth day of the month, accompanied as it was by the attempted assassination of several members of the cabinet. When the dreadful news of this event reached Wilkes-Barre it created here, as it did everywhere, universal grief. A pall seemed

to settle down on the whole community. Everybody seemed to feel a sense of personal loss, and conversation on the street corners was conducted in an undertone. Added to this was an uneasy feeling of apprehension as to its possible effect on the outcome of the war. To give outward expression to the universal mourning all our churches and public buildings, the principal business houses and very many of the private residences, were heavily draped in black. Very little else was talked about or thought about for days together, and the event left its deep impress long after the happening of the sad event.

XXIV.

On the Fourth of July, 1872, was celebrated the centennial of the founding of Wilkes-Barre in 1772, surveyed and named by Major John Durkee. The name, as all residents are supposed to know, is a compound of the surnames of Colonel John Wilkes and Colonel Isaac Barre. The former was the founder of the "Sons of Liberty" in England, mayor of London and member of Parliament; and the latter fought with Durkee under Wolfe at Quebec and was a member of Parliament, and both were friends of the American colonies.

The exercises and ceremonies on that Fourth of July, 1872, were most interesting and impressive. Practically all the business houses and residences were elaborately decorated. Red, white and blue streamers extended from the top of the court house tower to the four corners of the Public Square, where were erected four arches over the streets, having on them banners with appropriate mottoes and devices.

Hon. Henry M. Hoyt was chairman of the committee of arrangements and was the chief marshal of the grand parade, having as assistant marshals Hon. Stanley Woodward, Colonel E. B. Beaumont, Major C. M. Conyngham and Major E. A. Hancock. The parade, with its right rest-

ing on River street, extended a distance of two and one-half miles, and was the most imposing up to that time ever seen in Northern Pennsylvania. The long procession embraced the survivors of the Wyoming Artillerists who had served in the Mexican War, members of the Grand Army of the Republic, a squadron of cavalry, the 15th and 17th Regiments of the Pennsylvania National Guard, some dozen or more brass bands, numerous floats of novel design representing business houses, all the fire companies of the city and fire companies from Scranton, Carbondale, Allentown and Towanda.

Following the parade an immense audience gathered on the Public Square. The meeting was presided over by Judge Dana and addressed by Colonel Wright and Hon. W. W. Ketcham.

The occasion will never be forgotten by those who were present at the time, and the arrangements were carried out most elaborately and to the satisfaction and great pleasure of all concerned.

On July 3, 1878, occurred the Centennial Anniversary of the Battle and Massacre of Wyoming. Appropriate and impressive ceremonies were observed at the Wyoming Monument in memory of those who lost their lives on that fatal July 3, 1778, and whose services and sacrifices are commemorated by the monument which bears this inscription in model English, composed by Edward G. Mallery, the gifted son of Judge Mallery, and worthy to rank with Lincoln's Gettysburg address:

Near this spot was fought
On the afternoon of Friday, the third day of
July, 1778,

THE BATTLE OF WYOMING,

In which a small band of patriotic Americans,
Chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful and the aged,
Spared by inefficiency from the distant ranks of the Republic,
Led by Col. Zebulon Butler and Col. Nathan Denison,
with a courage that deserved success,
Boldly met and bravely fought
A combined British, Tory and Indian force
of thrice their number.
Numerical superiority alone gave success to the invader,
And wide spread havoc, desolation and ruin
Marked his savage and bloody footsteps through the Valley.

THIS MONUMENT,

Commemorative of these events,
and of the actors in them,
has been erected

OVER THE BONES OF THE SLAIN

By their descendants and others, who gratefully
appreciate
the services and sacrifices of their patriot
ancestors.

From railroad ticket sales and other data it was estimated that fully eighty thousand persons from distant as well as nearby points attended the Centennial exercises, to which interest was added by the presence of President and Mrs. Hayes and two members of the President's cabinet, Secretary of the Treasury John Sherman and Attorney General Devens.

The President's party arrived at the Wyoming station in a special train, via Northumberland, about 8:30 in the morning and was met by a vast concourse of people and welcomed in a most graceful and appropriate address by Hon. Henry M. Hoyt. The members of the party were served with a generous breakfast at the residence of Mr. Payne

Pettebone, whose guests they were for the day. All along the route from the railroad station houses were elaborately decorated, and every evidence of welcome given to the distinguished guests. Near the monument grounds was a large museum with the most interesting and extensive collection of Indian relics open to all comers, which was visited by a large number of people. The President's party, accompanied by Governor Hartranft and his staff, in full uniform, proceeded from the Pettebone residence to the monument, where memorial services were in progress.

The President delivered a fitting and excellent address which was warmly received by his audience.

At this juncture in the proceedings great commotion and excitement were created by the appearance of eighteen Onondaga Indians from the New York Reservation in full war paint and feathers, some of whose ancestors had taken part in the battle of July 3, 1778. These braves, in true Indian style, squatted on the floor of the platform and were the objects of the curious and excited interest of the audience for a considerable time to the exclusion of all else. When matters quieted down, Hon. Hendrick B. Wright delivered an address of unusual eloquence, welcoming the visiting thousands. The New York Herald, in its report of the proceedings of the day, commented on Col. Wright's address as above and beyond any other delivered.

Colonel Wright's effort was followed by appropriate odes and poems; by a very interesting and informing historical address by Hon. Steuben Jenkins, and an oration by the Rev. William P. Abbott, a native of the valley, but at the time a distinguished New York clergyman, and by several other addresses, and the exercises closed by short addresses by Secretary Sherman and Attorney General Devens.

The interesting and impressive program occupied most of the forenoon, and after an hour or more recess for luncheon, was resumed for a short time in the afternoon. A very considerable number of aged men and women, the

immediate descendants of the actors in the tragedy of a hundred years before, were in attendance. All the leading newspapers of the country were represented by special correspondents and very full reports were published of the day's events.

An important feature of the program was the mass singing of a chorus of several hundred voices after previous careful rehearsals. Previously, that is to say, as early as 1865, there had been more or less hall singing by various German societies, and the Welsh singers had held their eisteddfods. The success of the musical part of the program of this occasion taught the American element that it too could bear a creditable share in large choral effort. In the years that have since intervened, choral music has brought its charm to Americans, to the Irish people, and latterly to the Polish citizens of this section, as well as to the Germans and the Welsh. At this time—1917—choral qualification as to number of voices, quantity and experience, is probably as great here as in any equal area of population anywhere, and it is to be regretted that we do not make more frequent use of this means of religious and social uplight as an offset to those trivial amusements that unfortunately have become a vogue in industrial centers.

The change from grave to gay often seems to follow in natural sequence, and so the commemorative exercises at the monument, with a somewhat somber cast, were followed the next day at Wilkes-Barre with exercises of a different character suited to the joyousness of the Fourth of July.

Everybody was awake and alert at an early hour. Elaborate and beautiful decorations met one on every hand. At sunrise the Wyoming Artillerists fired a salute of one hundred guns, and all the bells of the city rang out a greeting to our national natal day. Every arriving train was loaded down with passengers, and it was considered to be a safe estimate that the throng numbered not less than one hundred thousand. It was officially reported that more than

thirty-five thousand railroad excursion tickets were sold from Philadelphia alone to Wilkes-Barre on July 3 and 4.

Promptly at eleven o'clock a gun of the battery broke upon the still air, and as promptly the grand pageant of seven divisions, led by Chief Marshal Stanley Woodward, assisted by fifty aides, with the city police mounted on fine horses, began to move down River street.

In the first division were various military organizations, including the Veteran Corps of Philadelphia. In the second and third divisions members of the Grand Army of the Republic and the survivors of the Andersonville prison. In the fourth division were the various fire companies of Wilkes-Barre and neighboring towns, and in the fifth division several commanderies of Knights Templar. The sixth division consisted of a series of historical tableaux in ten sub-divisions, which proved to be the most interesting feature of the parade and had in the lead the Onondaga Indians, marching in traditional Indian file. The seventh division embraced the business and manufacturing interests of the valley, which were very attractively represented.

The procession was over an hour in passing a given point, and from a stand erected on the river common, opposite the Wyoming Valley Hotel, was reviewed by the President and the members of his cabinet and by Governor Hartranft and staff.

A free dinner was given, in a temporary building erected on ground vacant at the time on the easterly corner of Market and Washington streets, for the deserving ones, admitted on tickets previously and gratuitously distributed. In the afternoon there was an interesting regatta on the river in which many boats participated and was followed by an award of prizes.

Later in the afternoon an immense crowd gathered on the lower river common and was addressed from the steps of Mr. William L. Conyngham's residence by the President, by ex-United States Senator Charles R. Buckalew, by Sec-

retary Sherman, Attorney General Devens and Hon. Sylvester Dana of New Hampshire, whose ancestors were here at the time of the Battle of Wyoming.

Attorney General Devens, in his remarks, pointed out the similarity existing between the people of his own State of Massachusetts and the Wyoming Valley—even to the names of citizens here as well as there.

I recall that as he was speaking the little steamer "Plymouth" came down the river from its landing up town, bound for the town of Plymouth, four miles away, and he called attention to it as emphasizing his reference to New England in connection with the Wyoming Valley; and in this reference he stated that at the time of the Revolution there was a Massachusetts town named for the royal Governor Hutchison, that the patriots resolved to change the name and debated as between Wilkes and Barre, that it was left to popular vote and that Barre carried by one majority, and is Barre, Massachusetts, to this day. He then added, "but you did better, you combined the two."

In the evening all public buildings and hundreds of private residences were brilliantly illuminated. Calcium lights blazed from the court house tower and a grand and elaborate display of fire works took place on the river common at the foot of Union street. This was followed by a reception held by President and Mrs. Hayes at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parrish on River street.

On the morning of the fifth the Presidential party took its departure for Washington, accompanied by United States Senator J. Donald Cameron, and Wilkes-Barre resumed its everyday life.

Having in my narration of events reached a time within the remembrance of so many yet living, I will not prolong this paper, but will spare my friends any further recital of "Some Early Recollections".

POSTSCRIPT.—The foregoing paper was written as part of last summer's diversion and intended for my family and immediate friends. Later the paper was read as a contribution towards an evening's entertainment at one of the meetings of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, and thus finds a place in the Society's publications. Its desultory character, its lack of chronological order in the narration of events, and its very limited scope, are conceded by the writer and preclude its being in anywise regarded as local history—nor is it intended as such. The reader is, therefore, asked to be considerate in his criticism of the paper.

I would like to emphasize the fact that our local history is most interesting and ought to be much better understood by our people. For full information on the subject the reader is commended to the "History of Wilkes-Barre and Wyoming Valley," by Oscar Jewell Harvey, in three large volumes, of which two volumes, beautifully illustrated, are already published, and the third volume is nearly ready for the press.

GEORGE R. BEDFORD.

Wilkes-Barre, May 1, 1918.

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Mary A. Boisbane [Seal]

Fitzhugh L. Parish [Seal]

day of November Anno Domini, 185 , before th

Wm. N. Congham

E. P. J. Darling

Reynolds.

Witness:

Emily Pratt

Josephine Lee Price

Witness:

A. C. Bancroft

Emma L. Barrett

Witness:

Margaret Le Black

Esther M. Peach

W. J. Sherman

W. L. Paine

James L. Doolittle

W. W. Palmer

Lawrence Bloss

R. Nelson Bennett.

Wm. Lovell

Joseph Stickney (seal)

R S Grant (seal)

Charles N. Lee (seal)

Geo. S. Bennett

Mrs. E. N. Bennett

John L. Phelps Guardian

Mrs M B. Phelps

Pay to order of ——

William L. Phelps.

Emma B. Phelps.

W L Phelps

E. Northrop

A. D. 1864.

Gen. W. Kirkendall Recorder

West

Hon. N. Alderson

a mode

Yours very truly

E. P. Darling

John Moore Esq

S. L. Brenda Registr=

Andrew J. McClintock

Atty for Dec'd W. R. R. Co

Hannah D. Haines